MAYFAIR

Vol. 19 No. 7

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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The Seven Sexiest Girls of Summer -and Someone-else's Sister

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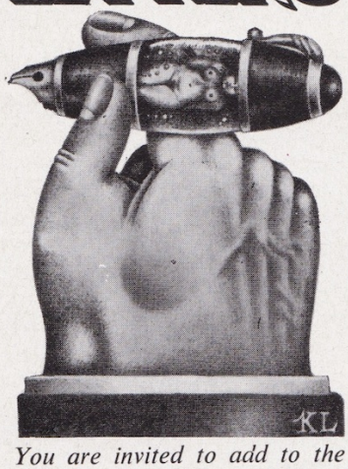
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

How good it was to see Lindy Benson again in your Vol 19 No 5. She's been a favourite of mine for many years, and nobody could doubt that Omar Sharif is a lucky man if she is his girlfriend. The shot on page 37 was just tremendous. Please try and show her again.
James Aarking, Edgware

If Lindy Benson counts an ex-President of the Seychelles amongst her boyfriends, how would she react to the ex-President of a Golf Club? Here's hoping. Thanks, gentlemen.
BLT, Ayrshire

I have been a collector of *Mayfair* for many years, having a complete set from Vol 6, and odd ones from every volume back to Vol 1. Getting issues as old as that these days is difficult but I'm still looking. I take *Mayfair* as the measure of all men's magazines, buying odd editions of others to make the occasional comparison.
A few years ago, I started an index of sorts so that I can find particular photos, articles or items of interest without looking through every issue. I've also kept an index of girls' names which can be quite revealing, if you'll excuse the expression. It is almost possible to decipher trends in fashion, and the way certain things become socially acceptable over the years.
For example, boots were very popular from Vol 5 to Vol 9, then became much less frequent. Ankle boots started in Vol 12, and have been used more than ordinary boots ever since.
Basques *were* very rare, but in Vol 16 they were found three times, four in Vols 17 and 18, and twice so far in Vol 19.
Vols 8 to 14 were very good for large-breasted models, Vol 14 holding the record with 12 models of 38 inch bust or over.
Gloves became an item of fashion in Vol 12 No 12.
Some items that immediately spring to mind as sexy clothing have had a strange history as well. High heels didn't feature prominently under Vol 10. Stockings were rare until four issues of Vol 17, and they've been in virtually every issue ever since. Suspender belts started in Vol 8, but became popular in Vol 10. Some even had garters. Chokers featured prominently in Vol 9, whilst satin sheets appeared in seven issues of Vol 12, but appeared only five times prior to that.
The best volume for black girls was Vol 5, with at least five spreads (and I don't have the whole volume). Girls under 18, first appeared in Vol 7 No 4, the first 16-year-old in Vol 11 No 10.
I've got lots more useless information like that. Fascinating isn't it?
JB, Co Durham

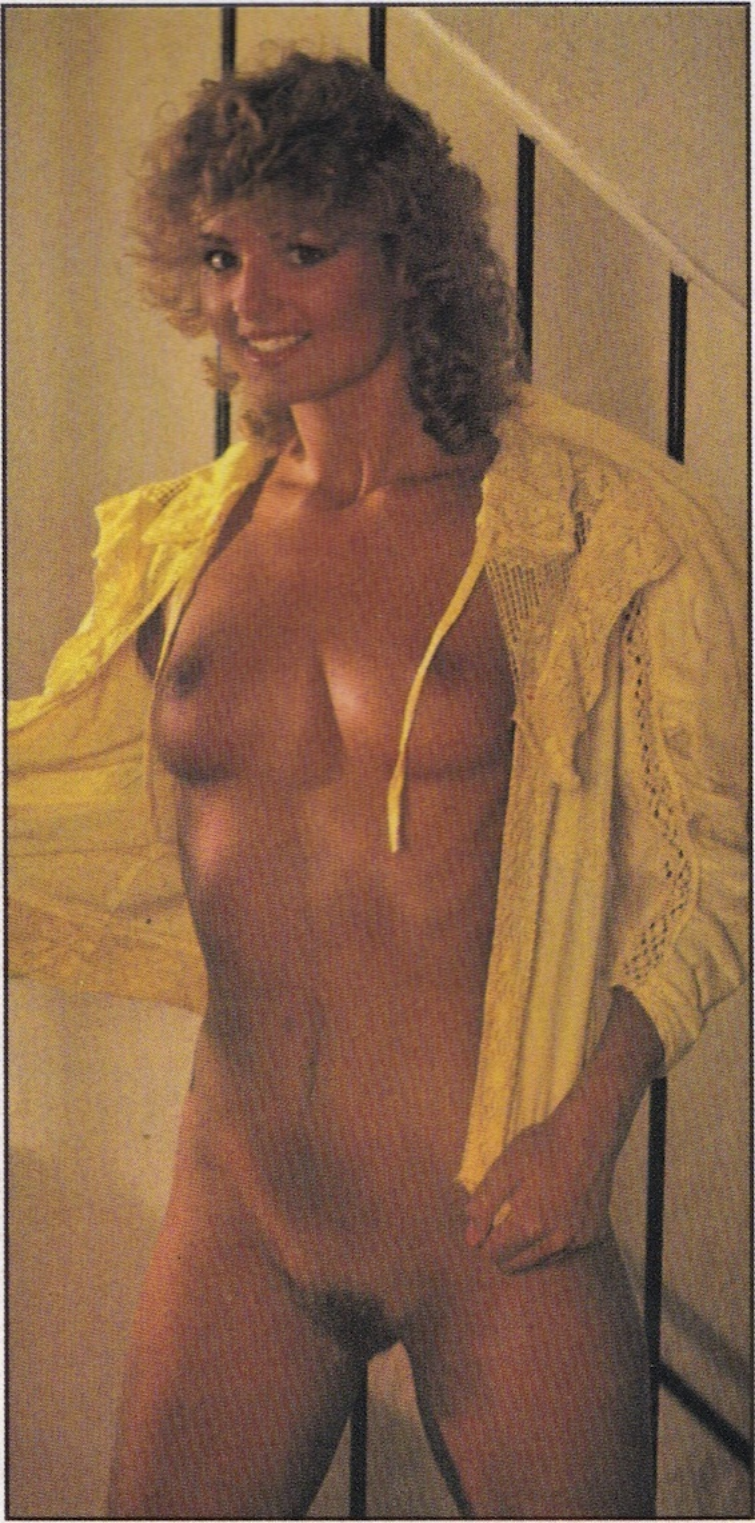
I never cease to be amazed by the continuing quality of *Mayfair*, and the beauty of the girls that you feature. Every so often you find a girl who is extra special – so stunning that I, along with other regular readers, remember her for years afterwards. Among such memorable models are the lovely Marina in Vol 17 No 12, and that incredible black goddess Camella who first appeared in 1978, and made a very welcome return last year.
Now, Vol 19 No 5 has come up with another winner – the delicious 16-year-old Jean Rutledge, so attractive, so cheeky and vivacious. The sight of her wearing that sexy, white skirt is so arousing as she reveals her lithe young thighs, and gives us such tantalising glimpses of her knickers. When she eventually shows all, none of my wildest erotic dreams could have created such a vision of loveliness. And the photograph of her with those transparent panties clinging to the inviting cheeks of her bottom arouses me more than I dare describe.
May I just say thank you to *Mayfair* for giving readers such a wonderful treat. And I wish her every success in her photographic career on both sides of the camera.
AMC, Cornwall

A recent correspondent wrote about the allure of stylish vehicles, like open top sports cars, and I was planning to reply. Then in the next edition of *Mayfair* I saw that you had featured Cadillacs, the very cars I was about to write to you about.
I have been the proud owner of a 1959 Cadillac convertible for seven years. I can tell you that there are a good number of girls who fall for the chance to ride in a flash car like that. What's more, there is plenty of room for a bit of roadside canoodling. British sports cars like the MG may have the fun-loving Oxford graduate image, but you try making love in a frog-eye Midget – impossible. There is plenty of space in a Caddy. Just lie back, and your head will hardly touch the side.
Last summer, a few American car enthusiasts and myself took our wives and girlfriends out for a spin to the coast. We were all dressed in period gear, and I must say that the girls looked lovely in their full skirts and tight tops. It is only when you are in the back of a Caddy or Chevy that you realise the advantages of wide skirts like that. The hand can slide up so easily to find that cool gap, yes you guessed, just above the stocking top. No, give me an American car for style and sex appeal.
'Yank' Weston, Cornwall

Sorry, buddy, it still doesn't match up to a 4½ litre blower Bentley in our eyes.

My boyfriend just loves reading the letters in your glorious magazine which tell of other readers' sexual conquests and habits. So I thought what a laugh my boyfriend would get

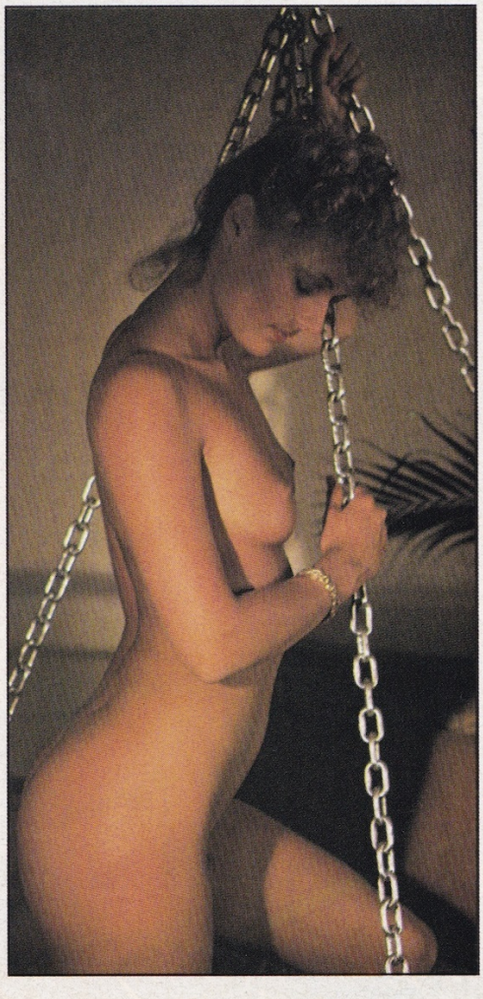
turn to page 112

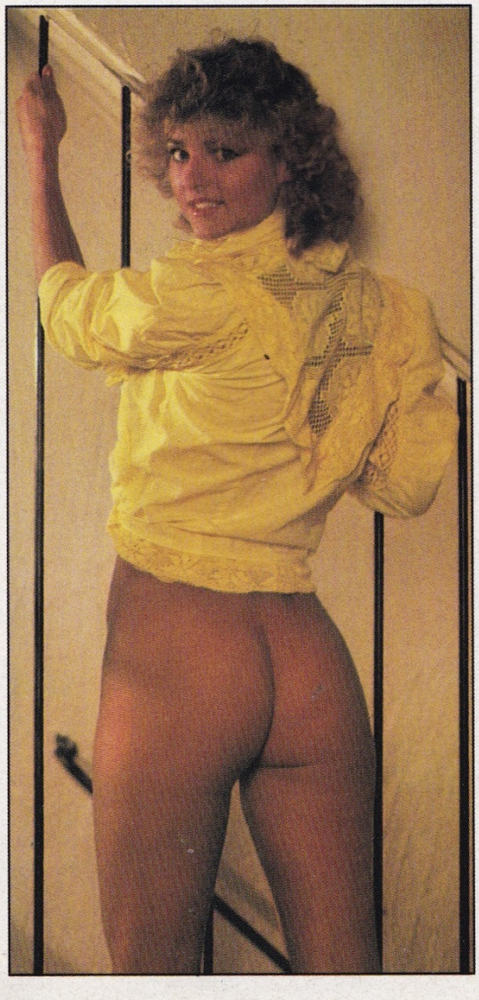


Paula

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

John LeCarré and Paula Sommers do not always see eye-to-eye. Especially over some disparaging remarks the heroine in his latest paperback makes about the fair city of Nottingham. 'It was funny, reading *The Little Drummer Girl* at the same time everyone was going mad about *our* Torvill and Dean.





'In it,' says 36-22-35 Paula, 'the heroine, Charlie, accuses us of being a "dump" of a town with nowhere to eat after ten o'clock. That's just not so, there's plenty to do here. I read that bit the same day that thousands turned out at the town hall to see Jayne and Chris, and of course, the Queen, who was here to give out Maunday money.' Apart from the slight on her city, though, she enjoyed the thriller immensely. Nineteen-year-old Paula believes her ice-skating heroes have done more for Nottingham than Robin Hood ever did. 'They've been all around the world, and whenever they've appeared on television they've been promoting Nottingham, and in such a beautiful and graceful way.' Paula works as a secretary with a small engineering firm, near the centre.

'I like Nottingham: it seems alive because of all the university students,' says Paula. In the evenings she enjoys the occasional half in the *New Market* in Lower Parliament Street – a hostelry which prides itself on the cheapness of its beer. Paula also likes the occasional flutter on the horses, and tries to get to one meeting a year. 'I've always liked racing – dad used to take me; we have a very pretty course here. I don't judge a horse, though, on form. I see what the horses look like in the paddock, and then back the prettiest – mostly greys, or ones with white faces. It's not as daft as it sounds as I win enough back to cover the day's expenses – and get the bus home.'

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN FOSTER

It seemed the perfect way to get home – on board Harry's ketch in a horizontal position. He was big, handsome, and happy to take me for the ride . . .

Once aboard the Lugger

Fiction by Cathy Morris

I walked along the pontoon at Rushcutters Bay in Sydney, and you would swear that all the horny bastards in Aussie had gathered there just to see me sidle along among the yachts. Not that I minded one bit, for as my old friend Dewdrop Annie used to say, back in Auckland, 'If you've got it, kid, flaunt it,' and I always carried out Annie's advice. She was the one who first instructed me in the finer points of the male/female relationship when I was still a wide-eyed innocent, and she always said I was one of her best pupils. Anyway, here I was ambling along that pontoon as though I hadn't a care in the world, and heads, were popping up from hatches all over the place to watch my progress among that rich array of masts, hulls, and beautifully tanned torsos. If only Annie had seen me at that moment she would have been proud of her protégé, for I wavered not, neither did I show the slightest interest in all the whistling going on around me. There would be time to take a little notice when I had reached the end of the pontoon, and turned around, but for the moment I was just exhibiting the wares.

Now, I expect you are wondering what a nice girl like me was doing walking along that pontoon in Rushcutters Bay, flaunting everything. Rather like a fly walking into a spider's web, you could be excused for thinking, but on this occasion the fly was a willing little thing, and was doing her level best to gain a bit of attention from those salt-caked lechers in order to bring about a change in

her fortunes. You see, I was stony broke, and wished to return to Auckland, and among the randy bastards leering at me there was surely one who would realise it was his birthday if only he played his cards right, and carried this little baggage homewards to New Zealand.

I reached the end of the pontoon, and stood looking out across the harbour towards Manly in the distance and two great cliffs called the North and South Heads where the Pacific Ocean comes tumbling into the mile wide gap. I was filling my lungs with that special brand of fresh air which blows along that sun-dappled east coast, knowing full well that every eye in the fleet of yachts was watching the rise and fall of my well-endowed breasts. I had carefully chosen a loose top that morning, and the thing was so much a see-through that I may as well not have bothered to wear anything. But Dewdrop Annie always advised us to keep that little bit of mystery, and she was the expert.

'My, my! What do we have here? If that aint the cutest little bum this side of Surfers Paradise, I aint never seen one! What you got for me, darling?'

I looked over my shoulder to where one of those beer guts hung over the top of its owner's shorts aboard a Folkboat which had seen better days, and quickly turned away for, broke or not, I was not in the market for a gone-to-seed drunk in a leaky old sieve.

'Nothing you could cope with, grandad,' I said, turning and walking back along the pontoon. 'A pound to a Kowloon dollar you've got brewer's droop.'

The guy's jaw fell open, and I walked on, leaving him to a contemplation of what might have been had he not led such a life of dissipation. I suppose there were several hundred pairs of eyes fixed on me as I slowly and sinuously walked back along the pontoon towards the club-house, and I allowed myself the great pleasure of a little eye contact with the more handsome on the classier type of boat. But I never said another word, not even when I was propositioned by first one and then another, for I was nicely on course as things were.

That evening, when the short Sydney dusk had given way to darkness, I made my way back to the club-house, and stood looking out at the lights across the harbour from the verandah. I didn't stand there long. From somewhere behind me I heard the door of the club open, and the chatter and laughter spilled out with the light and tobacco smoke.

'I've been watching you,' said a voice, male and from somewhere in the depths of an ample frame. 'In fact, I've been watching you for the second time today.'

I half turned, and in the poor light could see the shadowy figure of the kind of man I had always hankered after, wide as a piano, and long limbed as hell. The light caught his face, and I could see a trim black moustache, and the even features and well-fed look of a man of substance. Added to which, the dear man was surely not much older than I was. The fly, it seems, had caught herself a spider.

'So you've been watching me,' I said, turning around to face him. 'I hope you approve of what you saw.'

His face was silhouetted against a window now, and I saw him nod.

'I did indeed.'

His hand reached out, and began to caress my thigh, gently at first, but the fingers gradually explored the curve of my bottom as he edged me towards him. His other hand slid under my top, finding the nipple of one of my breasts, and stroking it with slightly trembling fingers. From somewhere behind him a juke-box inside the club began beating out a heavy rock number, and he began moving a little to the music, pressing me close to him so that I swayed with the sound. Dewdrop Annie would have been green with envy, and so would the other girls, for this guy was the type we had all dreamed of meeting. I decided to go along with him.

'My boat is about half-way along the pontoon, and my bunk is a damn sight more comfortable than this wall,' he said in my ear. 'Also, I am a wow when I am horizontal.'

I had visions of floating horizontally all the way to New Zealand, for if what was trying to burst from the front of his trousers was anything to go by, he was some wow whenever a girl got him on the flat. I interrupted my nibbling of his ear to nod eagerly.

He picked me up in his arms as easily as if I had been a child, and carried me along the pontoon to where a two-masted ketch was tied up. At least I think it was a ketch, for I am not too well up in these things, and the lighting on those floating walkways leaves much to be desired. But it was about forty feet long, and quite a smart looking piece of boat.

He lifted me over the handrail then disappeared below, putting on a light in the cabin. I followed him down the steps, seeing him in a decent light for the first time. The guy was a real beaut, in fact everything my girlish thoughts had ever fashioned into a man. And a glance showed me that the fever was still on him, for that bulge in his pants which separated him from the boys was still very much in evidence.

'You're beautiful,' I said, for he was, and I could hardly wait to see him without his clothes. He grinned, showing a line of perfectly white and even teeth beneath that swarthy-looking moustache.

'You too,' he said. 'You are gorgeous. How about a shower? Let's both shower. There's room in the compartment for two, ample room. I made sure the boat-builder got that right when he put this tub together for me.'

I didn't give it a second thought; he led me for'ard beyond the cabin to where a shower compartment had been built against the boat's side. It really was a sumptuous affair, with a subdued golden lighting, and walls of a soft, woolly texture. Not that I was too interested in the decor, you understand, for what girl would be when this macho man had much more interesting things to show her. And there was something about the way this guy talked, some intonation in his speech, which hinted at a good education not a million miles away from Pommy Land. But this really was too much – a very desirable man, a boat which looked more than capable of making the passage to New Zealand, and my fortunes in the hands of a real gentleman. And when I say in the hands of, I mean in the hands of, for my top was fast disappearing over my head as a prelude to life becoming much more interesting.

'Delicious!'

He cupped my breasts in his hands, and knelt to kiss first one and then the other before slipping his fingers into the waistband of my skirt, hauling it down around my ankles without bothering to undo the fastening. As I stepped away from the skirt he pulled off his shirt, his chest a mass of hairs which covered rippling muscles. He then fumbled at the belt which circled his waist, but I beat him to it, anxious to discover for myself what delights were awaiting me. I quickly undid the clasp, and yanked on the zip, having to pull the

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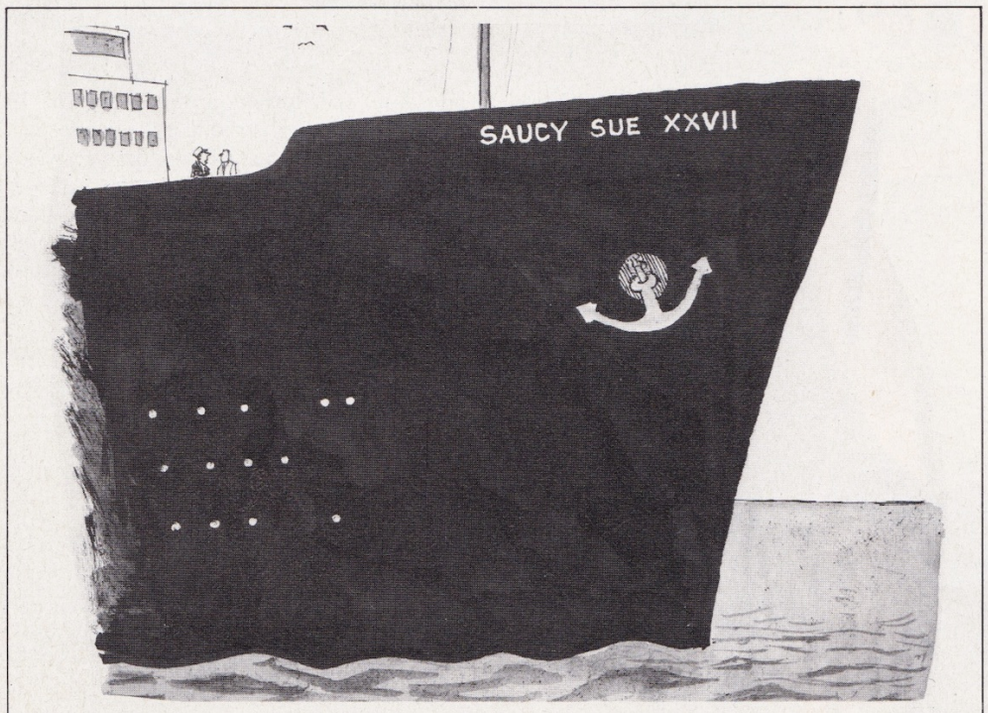

'I understand he started in quite a small way.'

MARIE AND ELAINE IN THE COUNTRY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN SASS

When the city becomes sticky and unbearable in the midsummer's heat, and every breath you take is full of dust and car fumes, a girl can dream of getting away from it all, just leaving everything behind – job, flat, boyfriend, and taking off for somewhere quiet and peaceful, with just your sister for company.

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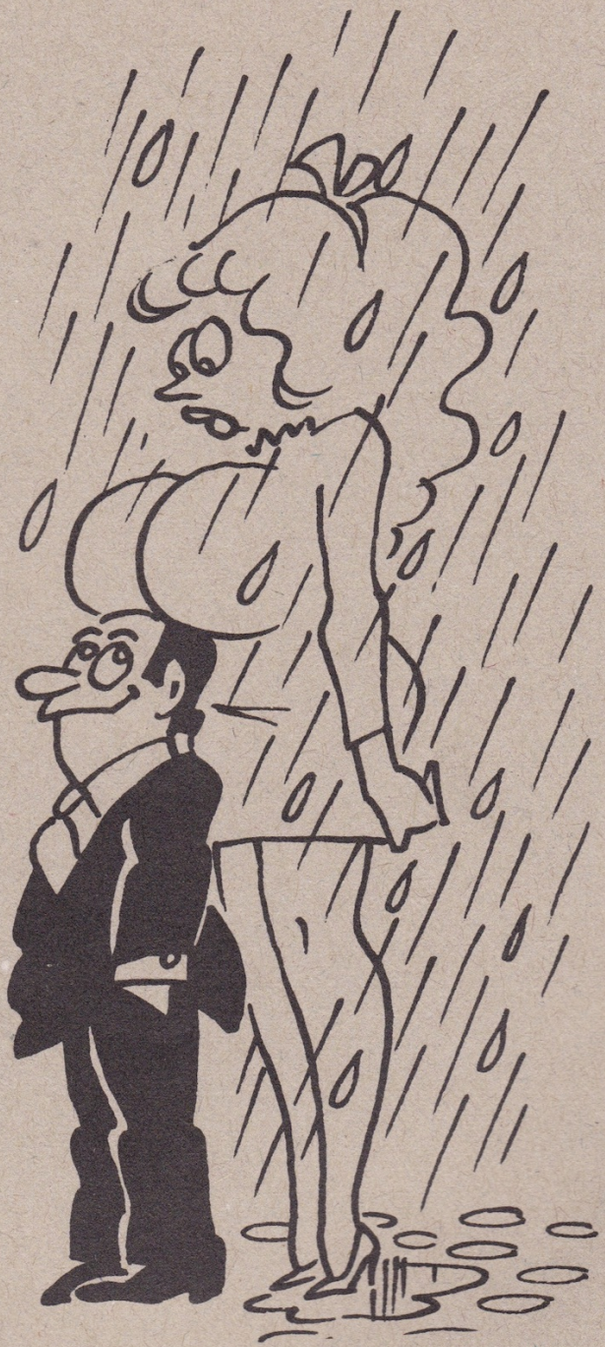
And as uninhibited 23-year-old Marie and her sister Elaine, 20, discovered, when you have found the perfect spot in the heart of the countryside where the beauty of nature remains undisturbed, clothes just seem unnecessary. As there is nobody around, why not strip off and let your body soak up the warmth of the sun, and those refreshing breezes? After all, it's just a step from topless sunbathing, and you can't let your kid sister get one over on you.

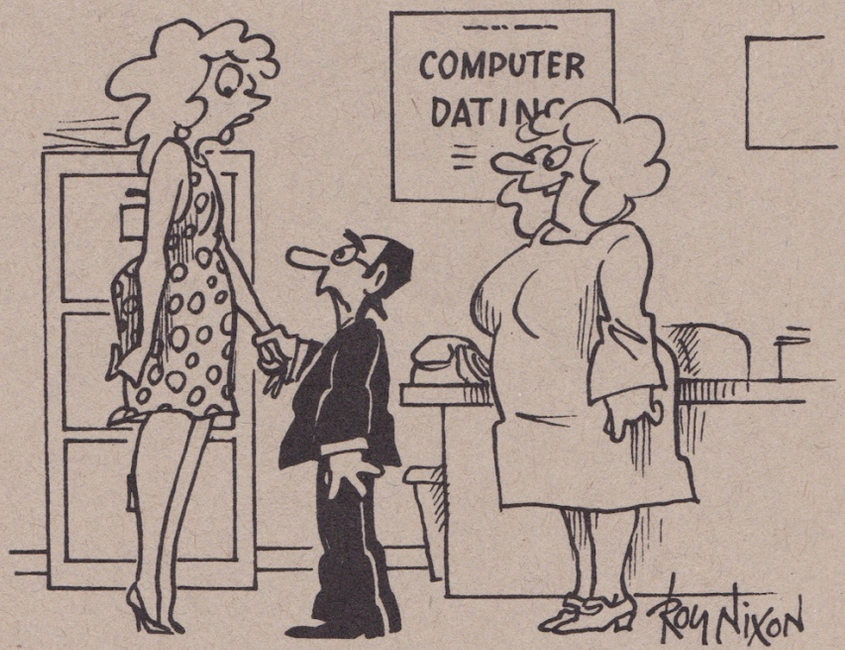
Bathing is somehow more refreshing when you don't have to bother with modesty or swimming costumes. That cool stream feels so good on the skin, and after you've had enough, what better way of drying off than to relax stretched out on a warm rock, feeling the sun soaking into those parts it doesn't usually reach. That stuffy flat seems so remote now, and those long hours temping have paid off. Now you're so relaxed it seems perfectly natural to wander round naked, and you wonder why you ever bothered with restricting clothes. In fact there's no need to put any on when you're just hitching to the village for more wine, is there? Anyway, that driver who's just stopped doesn't seem to mind at all. He looks quite pleased to see us both.



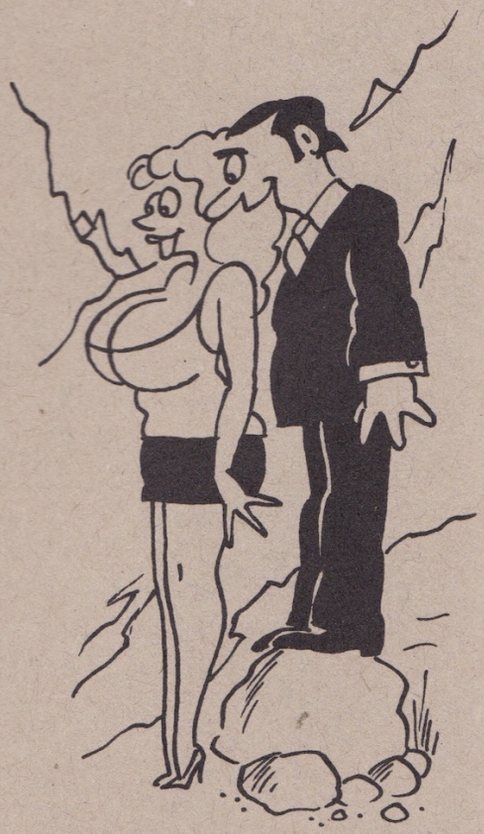
SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL... ...OR IS IT?

Height needn't always be an advantage. Cartoonist Roy Nixon believes a lack of inches is only a minor short-coming

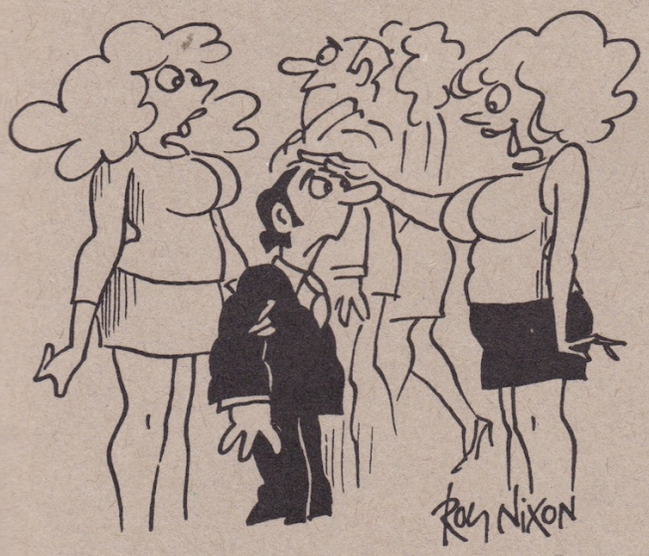
'Well you're not my idea of an industrial giant.'



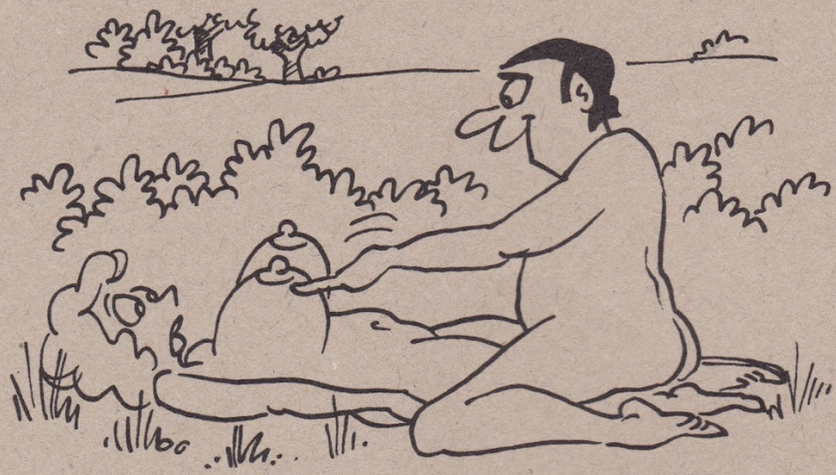
'Of course you've got something in common—you both lied about your size.'



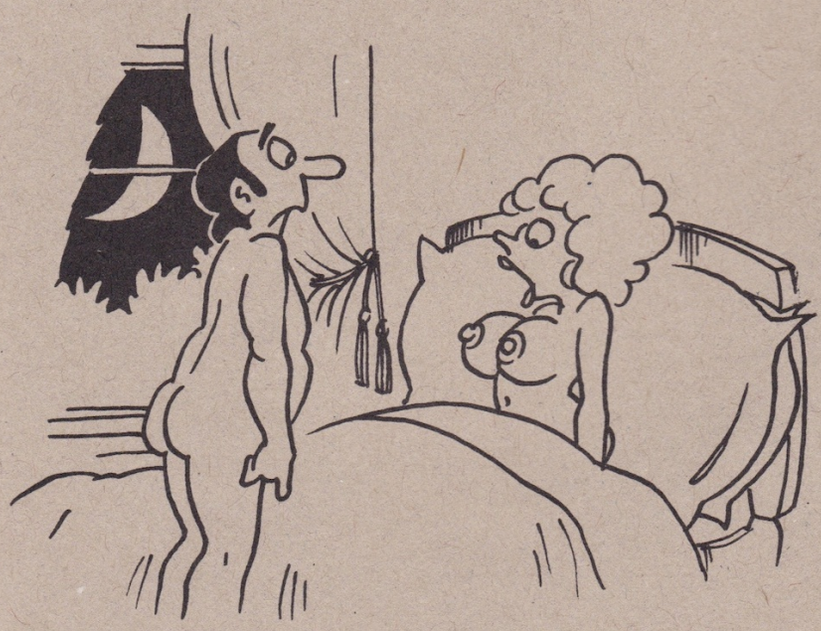
'Yes, I've got a much better view down the valley now.'



'How cute! I'd like one of those for my charm bracelet.'



'I can remember you when you were only so high.'



'I didn't say small is beautiful, I said it's pretty tiny.'

'I never realised dancing could be so much fun.'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

There is an old adage that says, 'Make a girl laugh, and you're laughing.' So this month I thought I would take a look at some recently released comedy records that may have her rolling into your arms.

The lady that the country is talking about following her recent spate of television appearances is Joan Rivers. Loud, outrageous, and extremely vulgar, Ms Rivers prides herself on a series of quick-fire one-liners that will have you roaring with mirth or recoiling in disgust. **Can We Talk...** (CBS Records) is a recording of her live act. The title derives from her much repeated catchphrase as she launches into a tirade of humorous abuse against some film star. Subjects range from Elizabeth Taylor's size to visiting the gynaecologist – 'Dr Brown at your cervix' – and are delivered at such a speed it is possible to miss some of the lines. A highly excitable American audience also adds a good deal of raucous atmosphere.

My personal favourite American comedienne though, is Bette Midler. Her brand of comedy mixed with a fine singing voice that can turn from blues numbers to songs like *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* makes her shows excellent entertainment. **Live at Last** (WEA) records one such show. Taped in Cleveland, Ohio, it features her favourite songs such as *Friends, Shiver Me Timbers* and a naughty version of *In the Mood*, interspersed with her comedy. Bette's humour is risqué rather than vulgar, and comes from her alter-ego, cabaret singer Vicky Eedie (yes, the potential spoonerism is deliberate) and her recreation of some of Sophie Tucker's bawdiest banter. Vicky presents a revue on this album called *Around the World in 80 Ways*, telling in song other tours including an unfortunate venereal encounter at the Rio carnival, plus a version of *Hawaiian War Chant* with a very naughty chorus. Or perhaps, as a young lady of my acquaintance does, you prefer her Sophie Tucker routine with gags such as, 'Ernie said to me the other day, "Soph, Soph, you have no tits and a tight box." I said, "Ernie, get off my back".' It's well worth a listen.

Incidentally, the real Sophie Tucker, who died in the mid-sixties, can also be remembered on a new album. **The Last of the Red Hot Mamas** (CBS records) includes many of her songs, but sadly none of her jokes.

Those of you who prefer your comedy home-grown might like the latest album from comedy band, the Barron Knights. The longest lasting of the showbands, the Knights have been going since the sixties performing their pop parodies. **Funny in the Head** (Epic) includes a batch of recent hits given the Barron Knight treatment. *Custer's Last Scratch* mocks the disco craze for scratch mixes (that sewing noise that is used as a rhythm track on some dance records), used to such chart-climbing success on *Buffalo Boys Go Around the Outside*. The jokes are tame compared to the two ladies mentioned earlier, but quite fun nonetheless.

From live acts to comedy that just has to be recorded to work at all. The most durable of the radio comedy series of the fifties and sixties has to be *The Goon Show*. Since its demise, it has been resurrected again and again with repeats on the radio, and a number of programmes being released on record. The latest in the **Goon Show Classics** series from BBC records (number 10) features two episodes, *The Whistling Spy Enigma* and *I was Monty's Treble*. They are the usual collection of sound effects and ludicrous characters, but still hilarious 20 years on.

Finally fans of the practical joke will enjoy **Noel's Funny Phone Calls** also from BBC records in which the one-time DJ, now TV personality, rings up unsuspecting people and spins them a yarn. Personally I can't help feeling there are quite enough people harassing you on the phone without DJs doing it as well for a laugh, but it is surprising how easily people are taken in.

If all that fails, and the young lady is still looking poe-faced, and talking of the last bus, then saunter suavely to the turntable, play **It's Not Easy Being Green** as rendered by Orville the Duck (also from the BBC), and watch her leave the room and your life forever. After all who wants a girl without a sense of humour?

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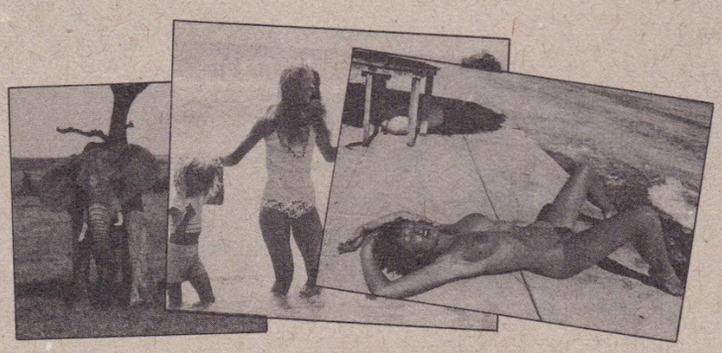

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TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

For the past five years, the pearshaped island paradise of Barbados has been favoured by two separate types of visitor. In summer, came the package tourists, whilst the wealthier clientele, keen to escape the dank city streets arrived in winter. Increasingly, that dividing line is disappearing, as Barbados becomes affordable and reachable all the year round by the mass market. The island still retains its British influence, and the populace is said to believe in God, but worship cricket.

The wealthier still upon arrival at Bridgetown head for the clear waters of St. James; the 'Weybridge' side of the island.

Bridgetown is nine hours from Gatwick on Caribbean Airways, or from Heathrow, via BA. Barbados takes you effortlessly by the hand, and calms you down. The tetchy grouch who left London relaxes as he comes out of the airport building, and smells the sweet sugar cane wafting across the plantations on the evening breeze. Tomorrow he will hire his Mini-Moke, and have a look around. You always know where you are. Bus stop signs say 'From Town' and 'To Town', meaning, of course, Bridgetown. The east coast is the Atlantic side of the island, where huge rollers come pounding in on the beaches of Bathsheba. It's the most unspoilt part of Barbados, the government have declared it a national park conservancy area. It is especially worth visiting on Sunday morning, then booking in for lunch at the old *Atlantis Hotel* at Tent Bay, where Enid Maxwell puts on a £7 all-in, Sunday buffet lunch of genuine Bajan dishes. The price includes all the food you can eat! On your way spend an hour at John and Irish Bannochie's Andromeda Gardens – Mrs Bannochie won gold at last year's Chelsea Flower Show – and see the breathtaking profusion of tropical vegetation in exquisitely landscaped surroundings.

The pound sterling fetches just under four BDS (Barbadian dollars). Local rum is cheap – most visitors drink rum cocktails – whisky, wine, and other imports, are not. Most tourists exist on barbecued steaks, fresh fish dishes, and the ubiquitous hamburger. Meat, too, is dear because it is imported from the US. When I say 'dear', I mean in line with London and south east of England prices.

Barbados is the size of the Isle of Wight, 21 miles long, 14 miles wide, off the Venezuelan coast. A British colony for 300 years, it achieved a peaceful transformation to independence in 1966. The temperature never drops below 75F, and rarely goes over 85F. Fortnightly packages range from £300 to £800, depending upon your style of living, and of course, the time of year.

Most Britons opt for EP, or European plan, which means air flights and room only, as opposed to MAP (modified American plan) including either lunch or dinner. The island has so many good little restaurants that are cheaper than hotels, it is not worth booking meals in your chartering deal.

Barbados is very informal nowadays. You will not have to wear a jacket or tie all the time you are there, unless you are asked to lunch or dine with a member of the government or civil service.

Barbados makes a sensible choice if you are not sure about the type of holiday you really want until you arrive. All the hotels and clubs have their own private beaches and water sports. There are weekly barbecues, open to non-residents, so it is possible, as some do, to swim, sail, sunbathe, or tour around all day, and tuck in around a charcoal fire in the evenings, clutching a brace of rum punch.

Visit *Vila Nova* (Sir Anthony Eden's old house) in St John (Barbados is divided into parishes with names of saints), St Nicholas Abbey, built around 1650, one of the old plantation Great Houses, or do something a mite less esoteric like joining the *Jolly Roger* booze cruise up the Caribbean west coast at lunchtime and in the evening. Here your ticket includes a barbecue and as much rum as you can, quite literally, stand!

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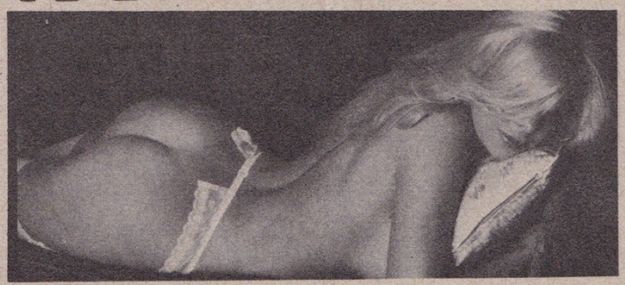

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DRINKS

Kingsley Holt

For the exotic beer and lager buff, Britain is surely the Mecca. You can imbibe Red Stripe lager from the Caribbean, Swan from Australia, Schlitz and Budweiser from the USA, not to mention lagers and beers from practically every country in Europe. Now, the Special Beer Company has brought together a dozen of the world's finest tipples for distribution through off-licences, clubs, restaurants and wine bars, initially in London and the South-East, but nationally later. And, in most stockists, special chiller units are employed to ensure that the bottles are served at the optimum temperature. Off-licences provide a six-pack unit so customers can pick and mix their own favourite varieties. Perhaps the most enjoyable of the twelve on offer is Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve, from Portland, Oregon, with its distinctive flowery bouquet courtesy of the Cascade hop. It is light, smooth and tasty, but must be served chilled, not like the bottle I was recently served in a leading steak house.

My next favourite was Kirin Beer, from Japan, with its slightly sharp taste. Kirin is the world's third largest brewery.

The only English representation is from Eldridge Pope's Royal Oak ale, available in bottles for the first time. The distinct hoppy flavour comes from Fuggles and Goldings hops grown in Kent, and after brewing there is an unusual second addition of Goldings in the hop strainer.

Molson, from Canada, is another favourite, fruity in bouquet, with a strong taste.

The other eight beers are La Belle Strasbourgeoise de Fischer, from the Alsace region of France; Fischer Pils, from the same brewer; Maes Pils from Belgium, Gulpener Pilsner Bier from Holland; Moravia Pils from Luneberg, West Germany; Lutece Biere de Paris; Kaiser Premium lager from West Germany and Grimbergen Biere D'Abbaye from Belgium.

Of interest to beer connoisseurs, is that original gravities and a potted history of each brew are contained on the carry-pack.

The Great Beers of the World, as the new range is called, are premium products, in general costing a little over a pound a bottle. However, bottles are usually larger than the British sizes, and hold up to 30 per cent more.

Just 12 years ago, draught and packaged lagers accounted for under 12 per cent of our total beer sales in Britain. And the Brewers' Society estimates that as our drinking habits change, by 1992 lager will account for half of all beer sales. Last year we drank something approaching 14 million barrels of the fizzy yellow liquid, much to the glee of the lager manufacturers as that meant we coughed out £2.76 billion for the pleasure.

It's little wonder then that in an effort to seize a bigger share of the beer market new and specialist products should be finding their way into our off-licences and pubs. Allied Breweries are launching a new draught lager from Australia, following the success of Fosters draught. Fosters, incidentally, is not the Antipodeans's favourite tipple, and it is preferred only in its home city of Melbourne. The most popular beer in Australia is Castlemaine XXXX (Fourex) from Brisbane, and that is the one Allied have chosen for UK manufacture from yeast and hops flown in from Down Under. Fourex is already available in pubs in Yorkshire and the Midlands through Ansells, Ind Coope, Halls and Tetley.

Draught Castlemaine Fourex has an original gravity of 1035°, and in Independent Market Research tests scored handsome wins for quality and flavour over the market leader, Carling Black Label. It's no use preaching the merits of one lager over another, everyone has his or her own taste, but personally, as a long-time devotee of canned Fourex, I am sure the draught version will perform well.

Finally, on the subject of beer, I had the chance to sample a glass or two of Bishops Tipple, a fine brew from Gibbs Mew of Salisbury. Regular readers will remember that this was one of the beers Peter Maddocks chose to illustrate in *Drawing the Pints*, in Vol 18 No 12. The men at Gibbs Mew liked the cartoon so much that they asked for a proof of the original drawing. I volunteered for the onerous task of delivering it – and should I encounter any of the real ale whilst I was there, well, you can't refuse can you? It's an excellent drop, and strong too. If you're passing through Wiltshire, stop off for a glass.

The girls you've asked to see

Lynn Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Our *Girls You've Asked to See* pages have quite literally trebled the size of *Mayfair's* postbag, as you write to us by the hundred with your suggestions. But quite the most intriguing letter we have received came from GTY of Yeovil, and prompted this set. In it he told us that for several years he has carried around a battered photo from *Page Three*. He kept it because the girl had 'quite the most stupendous boobs' that he had seen, but he had lost the caption. Who is she? he asked. She is Lynn Taylor, and we share his admiration of her figure.

In fact we were so impressed with Lynn's 36B-24-36 curves we thought the lovely 19-year-old, green-eyed goddess should appear on our pages. Strangely, for a girl with such obvious assets, that appearance on *Page Three* prized by GTY, was her one and only topless shot for *The Sun's* most famous feature. And, sadder still, according to her former agent Yvonne Paul, she has recently given up modelling completely. So enjoy her fine figure while you are still able.

Lynn's family home is in Kent, and she lists her principal hobby as keeping fit. It's easy to see that she manages to do so very successfully. Whilst she may have shunned *The Sun*, Lynn did make a brief appearance in the *Daily Mirror*. It was on the day of her engagement, and she was seen proudly showing off her ring. It is a superb and highly individual piece of jewellery, and this is hardly surprising. Her fiancé, a jeweller, made the ring he presented to Lynn himself.

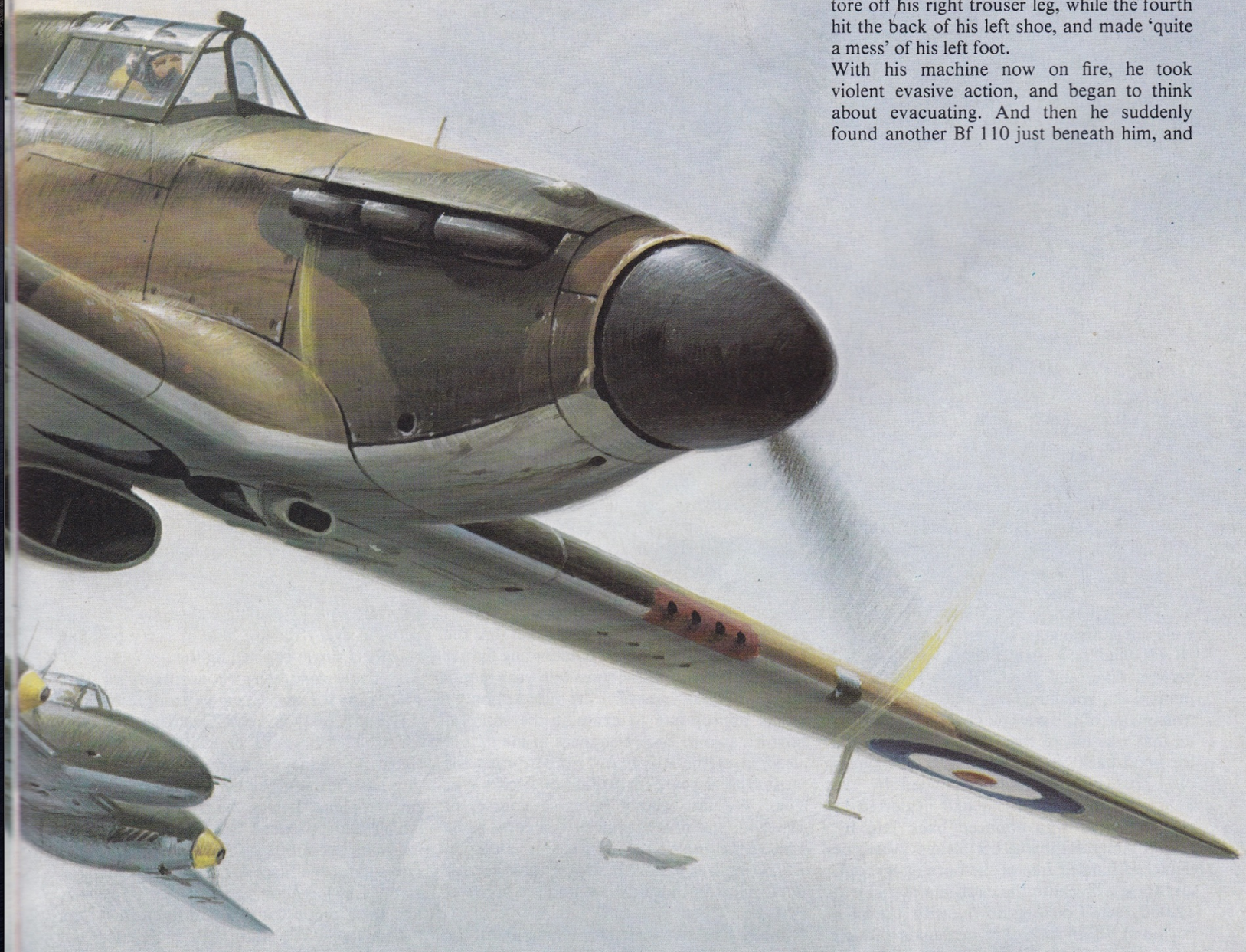
Fifty years ago, Hawker introduced its first fighting monoplane. It was called the Hurricane, and equipped with guns, bombs and even adapted for use at sea, it was to become the RAF's most dogged fighter, turning the tide of World War Two

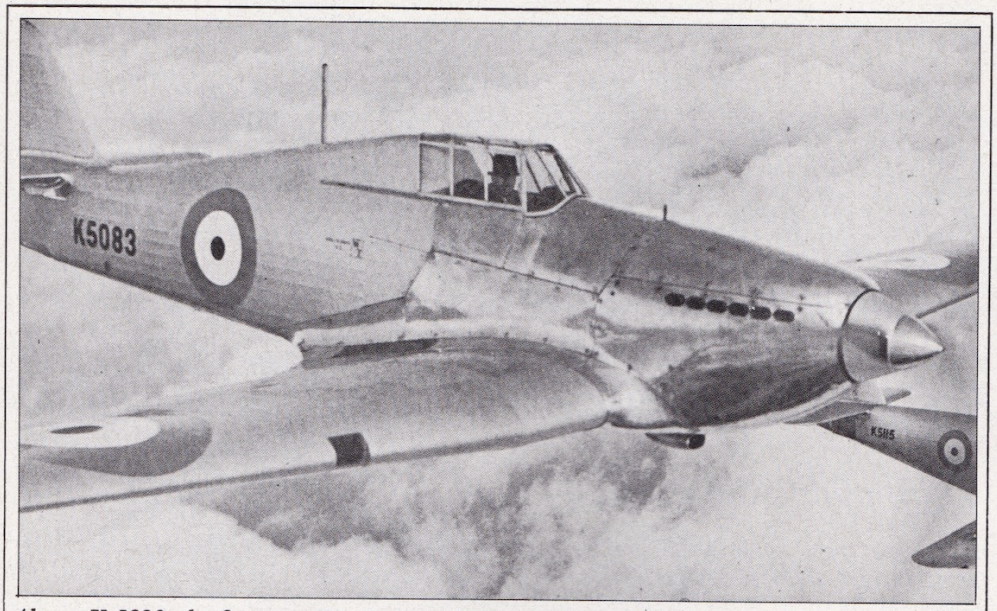
THE HURRICANE: IT TOOK THE NAZIS BY STORM

By Gerald Rawling

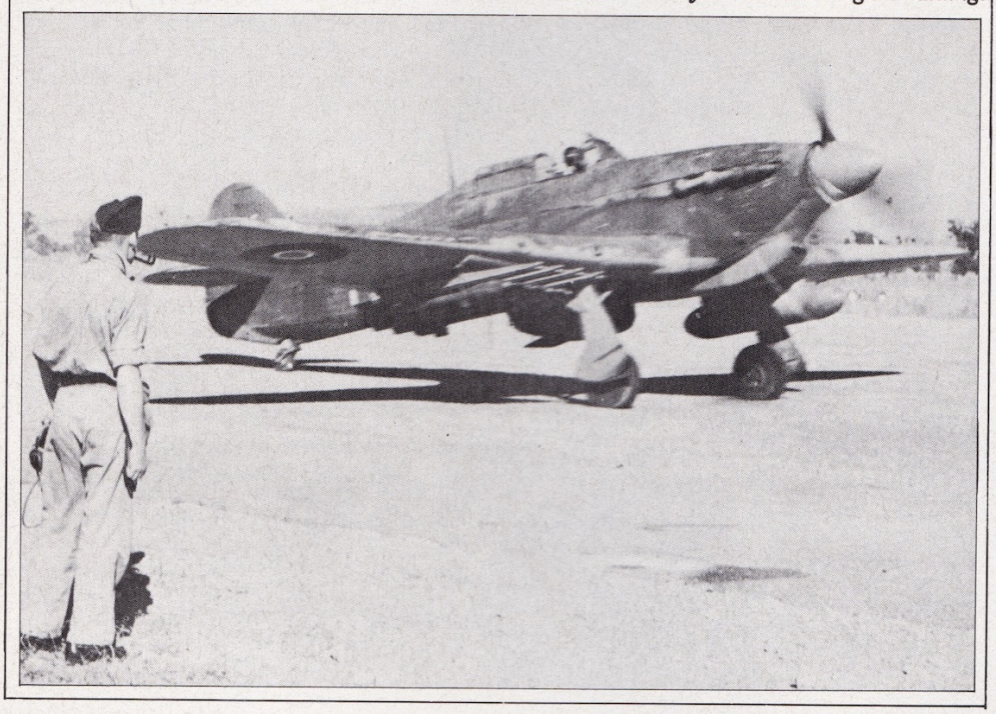
His name was James Brindley Nicholson, a Flight Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. Although he had joined the RAF in December, 1936, he flew his first operational sortie on August 16, 1940 at 15,000 feet over the Southampton area. He had never fired a shot in anger, and was anxious to do so, so when he spotted three Junkers 88's, he chased them with his section. In fact, before they caught up, all three Ju 88's were shot down by a squadron of Spitfires who had intercepted. 'No pickings for us,' thought Nicholson, and then heard four big bangs which he afterwards described as 'the loudest noises I had ever heard.' They were four cannon shells from a Messerschmidt Bf 110 which had briefly got on his tail. The first shattered the cockpit hood, sending splinters into his left eye which nearly severed his eyelid, and temporarily blinded him with blood. The second homed in on the spare petrol tank just in front of him, and set it ablaze. The third entered the cockpit, and tore off his right trouser leg, while the fourth hit the back of his left shoe, and made 'quite a mess' of his left foot.

With his machine now on fire, he took violent evasive action, and began to think about evacuating. And then he suddenly found another Bf 110 just beneath him, and





Above: K 5083, the first ever Hurricane with Flt Lt 'George' Bulman MC AFC at the controls.
Below: Spitfire pilots watch a Balkan Air Force Hurricane with four three-inch guns taxiing.



right in his gunsights. He only needed to press the gun button, and did so. With the first burst he 'plugged' the enemy machine, and then followed him in a dive at around 400mph putting in bursts all the time. Eventually the heat became too fierce, and he calmly observed the skin peeling back off his left hand which was holding the throttle wide open. Strangely, there was no pain. The Bf 110 had now gone into an uncontrolled vertical dive, and it was time to leave. He jumped up, and banged his head against the framework of the cockpit cover – which was all that was left of the canopy. Then he slid the hood back, and once more tried to jump out. This time he was restrained by the Sutton harness which he had neglected to unfasten, and was bounced back into his seat. Finally fumbling the straps away, he launched himself free of the burning aircraft, and took a dive into the calm summer sky at 12,000 feet. Looking down, with the pain beginning to affect him in his hands and left leg, he jiggled his shroud lines so that he ended up landing in a nice open Hampshire field. In the last few hundred yards of his descent, he suffered a final indignity, being shot in the buttock by an over zealous Royal Artillery gunner. For this memorable performance, Flight Lieutenant Nicholson was awarded the Victoria Cross, the only award of that highest decoration for valour to a fighter pilot in World War 11. The aircraft he was flying was a Hawker Hurricane.

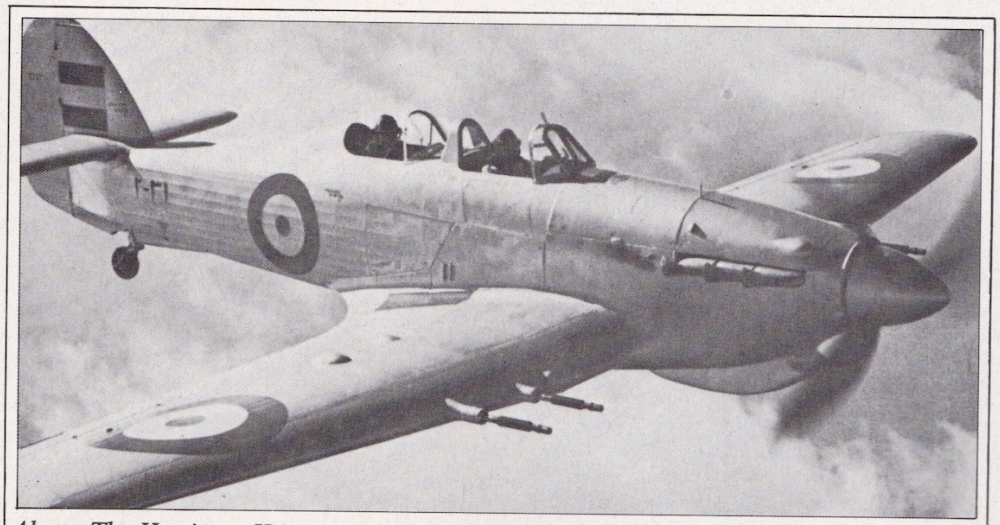
Nobody is going to question the fact that the Hurricane was one of the outstanding fighter aircraft of all time, and since this year marks the 50th anniversary of its conception, it seems appropriate to examine the story of how it came to be pre-eminent in the fighter strength of the Royal Air Force during the most critical years for Britain of World War Two. We are talking here, of course, of 1939/40, and of what have since come to be called the Battle of France – although *Blitzkrieg* was a more familiar expression for RAF pilots in those days – and the Battle of Britain.

Nobody has ever written anything about the Hurricane without making comparisons with the Spitfire, and therefore I shall conform, albeit briefly. The plain fact is that the Spitfire with its sleek, graceful lines had all the glamour which the Hurricane did not possess. In 1939 and early 1940 there were immense drives to get people to invest in War Loans – there were many Spitfire Funds, but who ever heard of a Hurricane Fund? One eminent Royal Air Force officer compared the Spitfire with the 'dainty' SE5a of WW1 while equating the Hurricane with the pugnacious, snub-nosed Sopwith Camel. And one fighter pilot who flew both types put it as follows: 'Whereas the Spitfire had all the speed and grace of the greyhound in its sleek appearance, the Hurricane portrayed the excellent qualities of the bulldog, being slower but much more solidly built.' And here, another pilot who flew both: 'The Hurricane was the first real warplane I flew, and therefore holds a place in my memories which no other aircraft has taken, not even the Spitfire. It was the aircraft in which I learned the "art" of staying alive because it was practically viceless, besides being very kind to ham-fisted beginners like myself. It could take enormous punishment, not only from its pilot but also from the opposition – something the delicate, feminine Spitfire would never do. One Hurricane I saw had the tail plane and elevators almost completely destroyed in a collision with a Messerschmidt 109, yet it flew over 100 miles across the Channel back to base at Manston. The stick movement was somewhat restricted, but it got down OK.' D Weston Burt also testified to the Hurricane's durability. After a bombing raid, he returned successfully with plans to do a celebratory victory role. He must have been glad he didn't. In the ten inch main spar of his left wing, there was a nine inch hole. But again the Hurri had made it home.

Special pleading by Hurricane pilots you may feel, but here are some hard statistics on the roles played by the two aircraft in 1939/40. In the Battle of France – September 1939 to May 1940 – no Spitfiires were involved at all (Fighter Command under Dowding kept them in the UK for home defence), and the brunt of the RAF's first clashes with the Luftwaffe was borne by Hurricanes. In the Battle of Britain – the period July to October, 1940 – even in the peak month of September there were 30 Hurricane squadrons compared with 18 Spitfire units and 10 squadrons equipped with 'other fighters'. In the ensuing years of the War, 1941-45, Hurricanes continued to serve in every theatre, and in every possible role for a single-engined fighter.

To understand the conception of the Hurricane it is necessary to go right back to 1930 and Air Ministry Specification F 7/30 for which Hawker's chief designer, Sidney (later Sir Sidney) Camm produced a four gun biplane fighter which was a really beautiful aeroplane. It was the latest in the stable which had produced the Hawker Hart and its many spin-offs – the Osprey and the Nimrod for the Fleet Air Arm, the Audax for Army Co-operation, the Fury for single-seat and the Demon for two-seat fighters. It was called the PV3, and later christened the Super Fury. It has a fixed undercarriage with stylishly spatted wheels but, in fact, never

turn to page 50



Above: The Hurricane IIc two-seat conversion as supplied to the Persian government in 1947.
Below: Three Sea Hurricanes. The plane in the foreground served with 504 Squadron in 1940.

The Hurricane: it took the Nazis by storm
continued from page 46

went into production because George Carter, over at Glosters, produced a refined version of his Gauntlet – the Gladiator – and won the contest. But even as early as that, Camm at Hawkers and RJ Mitchell at Supermarine had come to the same conclusion – that the ultimate in biplane fighter design had already been reached. Thus it was that in October, 1933, Camm commenced the design of a single-engined fighter in monoplane configuration, and there was a three-view diagram in Hawkers' Drawing Office by December of that year. In early 1934 the design had to be modified to incorporate the latest offering from Rolls Royce, an aero-engine then known as the PV 12, to replace the Kestrel and Goshawk which had powered earlier Hawker models. Eventually it would be named the Merlin, and it was one of the most successful engines of all time. It powered the Hurricane, the Spitfire, the Mustang, the Mosquito and, arguably the most successful bomber of the war, the Lancaster.

By this time the Air Ministry had been consulted, and their Specification F 36/34 was written round the Hawker proposals, calling for a 'Single-Seat Fighter – High Speed Monoplane'. Authority was given for manufacture of a prototype, K5083, and that aircraft first flew from Brooklands aerodrome on November 6, 1935 with Hawkers' chief test pilot, George Bulman, at the controls. Further evaluation trials took place at RAF, Martlesham Heath, and in June, 1936 the Air Ministry placed a contract for 600 of the new fighters, and officially sanctioned the name 'Hurricane'. By late 1938 111 Squadron was receiving its first delivery of Hurricanes; by September, 1939 there were 18 squadrons so equipped – just twice as many as those flying Spitfires.

Introduction of the new monoplane fighter might have proved traumatic, one may suppose, to RAF pilots used to first line biplane fighters like the Hawker Fury and the Gloster Gladiator. Warrant Officer WH 'Spike' Edmond however made the point that the earliest monoplane to go into service was the Bristol Blenheim, a fighter bomber, and then described the test run of the new plane as follows:

'As the squadrons of the Metropolitan Air Force were re-equipped with the Hurricane and the "Spit", they flew their Furies into the manufacturer's airfield, and were entertained to lunch by the Contractor's test pilots – orange juice only of course. A short demonstration of the new fighter's capabilities, a talk at the cockpit, and away went the RAF pilots; exciting but not frightening. The main differences between the Fury and the Hurricane, both designed by Sidney Camm, were – biplane, fabric covered, fixed landing gear – and monoplane, metal clad, retractable gear with obligatory flaps which presented no real problem to regular RAF peacetime trained pilots.'

Comparing it with the Spitfire, he described the Hurricane's famed resistance to battle damage thus:

'Although the Hurricane was often outclimbed, slower and marginally less manoeuvrable than the Spitfire, it was an extremely good gun platform, and its airframe more robust than its rival although both engines were practically of the same vulnerability.'

And so the Hurricane went to war. Six squadrons went over to France, and had a quiet time of it during the 'phoney war' until the *Blitzkrieg* invasion started, outflanking the Maginot Line, and taking over the Low Countries. Then they had their first real clashes with the Luftwaffe.

The following story comes from the anonymous author of a book called *Fighter Pilot* which ran to three editions in September, 1941. He was with No 1 Squadron, and his protagonist is a man named Prosser – no rank given, but most certainly a Hurricane pilot. Confusion reigned everywhere in Northern France at the time. A large flight of Bf 110's had just flown over when a little 'B' Flight fitter ran up to Prosser, and said:

'"Come on sir! Do get up and into 'em! Come on sir!" Prosser shook his head and said: "No – it's no use now – we'd never catch them at that height." But the little fitter said: "Oh, come on sir! No 1 Squadron's not going to let the cheeky sods get away with that! Come on sir! I'll start all the bleeding kites up by myself if you'll go! No 1 Squadron sir!" Prosser looked at Boy and Leslie and Lorry; they nodded, and off they all ran to their machines, much to the little fitter's joy. Just before they took off a formation of Heinkels had come over, and bombed the aerodrome. The troops, who had all along behaved magnificently, never flinched, and went on strapping in the pilots and starting up the machines as the bombs came whistling down. The Flight took off through a hail of bombs that burst all over the aerodrome.'

This, a fairly typical day for Hurricane pilots in France, May, 1940. Prosser's return is worthy of recording:

'. . . a message came through to say that Prosser had baled out but was safe, and on his way to us. He arrived soon after, alternately cursing and laughing because his trousers were soaked from top to bottom in foul, sticky glycol, which never dries out. His eyes were inflamed, red and bleary – also from glycol. We laughed when we saw him and asked for his story. "Well," he said, "it was damn' silly. To start with I only took off because of that bloody fitter, and knew that we'd never catch the sods. But they turned, and so we did. We got above them, and I dived vertically on the leader, and fired a burst, allowing deflection, and he just blew up. Nothing left of him but a few small pieces. Then I pulled up in a climbing turn to the left, and saw a bastard coming up at right angles towards me from the left, and firing. He wasn't allowing enough deflection, and

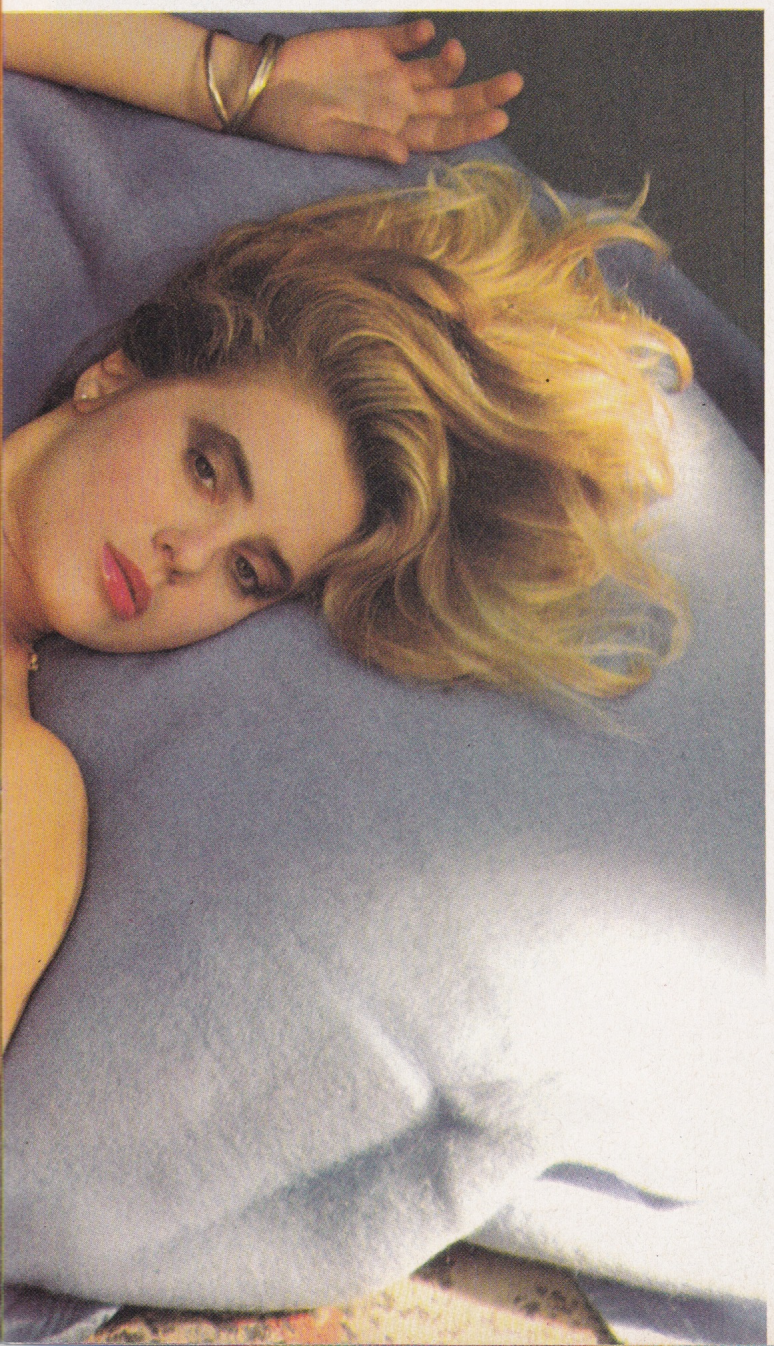
turn to page 70

Sophie

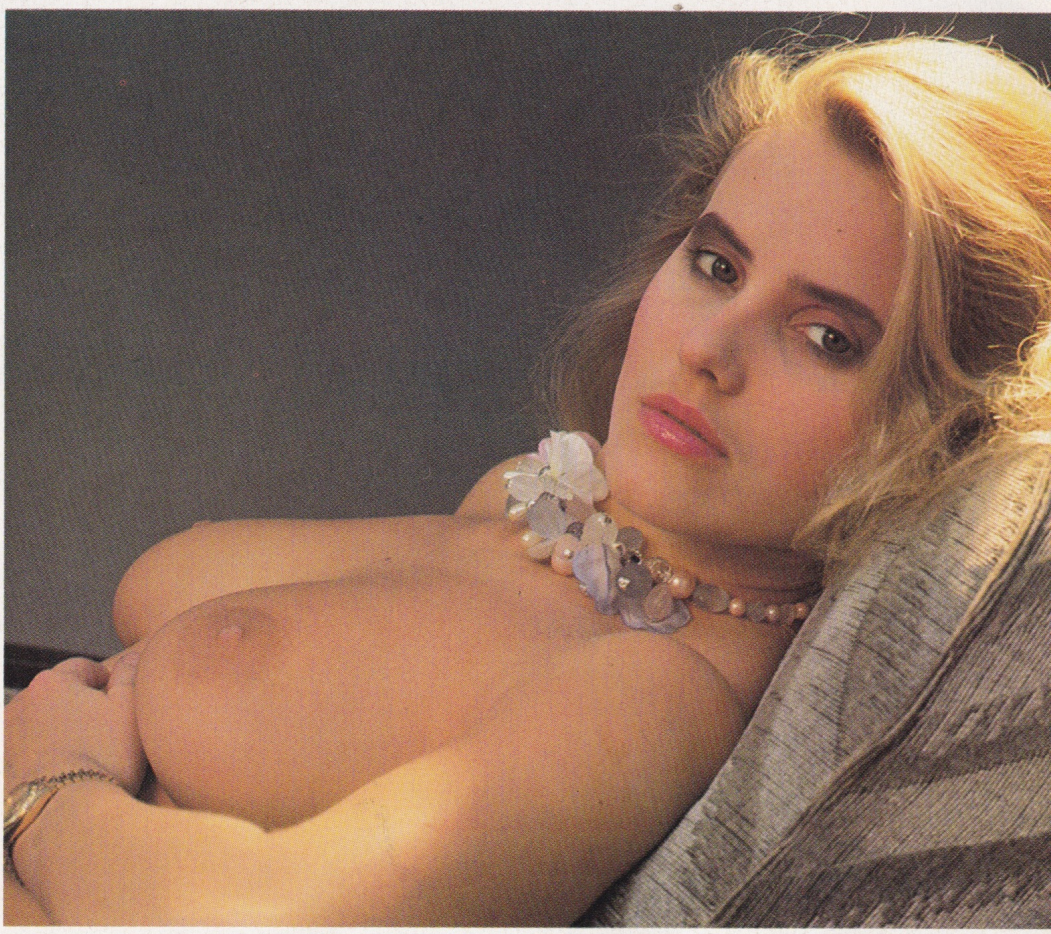
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL MOORE

When 22-year-old Sophie James was approached to appear on *Mayfair's* centre pages, nobody was more surprised than her. 'It was a great honour,' she said modestly, 'but totally unexpected. I've never really thought of myself as being particularly good on this side of the camera.' For Sophie is normally the one doing the photographing. 'It's just a hobby,' claimed the lovely lady from West Kensington, 'but I'm really getting quite good now.' This is another example of Sophie's modesty. Her pictures are so good they have been chosen to illustrate a new book, out shortly. However Sophie's 38-25-36 figure will not be featured in it, that is just being uncovered for our pages.

To lug around her Pentax camera, lenses and other equipment, Sophie has to keep herself fit, which she does with frequent exercise at a London gym. She also cycles a 10-speed racing bike around town, weaving in and out of buses with some courage. It's not difficult to spot her either, she says. 'I look like a parrot in my brightly coloured track suit and socks.' Sophie is also something of a health food fanatic, and a practising vegan. 'For those who don't know, that's like being a vegetarian only stricter,' she told us. 'No cheese, milk, butter or eggs, nor meats of any kind.' It sounds hard-going, but Sophie swears by it. 'It's great for keeping in shape,' she says, and a fine shape it is without a doubt.



Having a strict diet can present problems to new boyfriends who want to take Sophie out for meals. 'There are a few places I love that cater for vegans – *Raw Deal* in W1 for example – and it can be quite fun watching a new guy wading through a plate of lettuce when you can tell he's dying for a steak,' she laughed. 'Another came back for coffee and a cuddle, only to discover just what good roughage vegan food can be. I hardly saw him.' But despite that, Sophie manages to have many men friends, a number of whom feature in the 'Rogues Portrait Gallery' in her hall. 'It's a kind of photographic visitor's book,' she said. 'That way I will never forget my guests.'



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
SOPHIE JAMES

1: *A skinning knife with a walrus tusk handle;* **2:** *A fighting knife made by Ron Lake,* **3:** *Ivory-handled classic bowie knife;* **4:** *William Moran's Damascus dagger with a turned ebony handle;* **5:** *Buster Warenski's classic tooth-pick dagger with an elephant tusk ivory handle;* **6:** *A large gut-hook skinning knife;* **7:** *A utility hunter with a rare wood handle in African 'Pink Ivory';* **8:** *Ron Lake's gamemaster,* **9:** *Small boot-knife with an oosic or walrus penis bone handle;* **10:** *Corbet Sigman's fancy boot-knife with abalone shell inlay on the handle;* **11:** *Trout knife with a handle inlaid with manta ray skin;* **12:** *This knife is known as a 'banana-skinner', and it was made by R W Loveless;* **13:** *Concealment knife made by D E Henry;* **14:** *Boot knife made by Howard Viele from the space-age metal titanium. The handle is made of rosewood slabs. Although knife-making is an ancient art, modern custom-makers use materials as well. The knives shown on this spread could be worth as much as £20,000 on the market.*

The knife has been man's favourite tool and weapon for centuries, but now a new breed of highly-skilled craftsmen have turned the humble blade into a unique art form, eagerly sought after by collectors, and far too valuable to use for cutting

A cut above the rest

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Some time in our dim and distant past a primitive man discovered iron, and by trial and error produced a crude blade. Since then mankind has been through centuries of evolution, and so has the knife. Always man's favourite tool and weapon, it has taken various forms over the last few thousand years – cleavers, cutlasses, dirks, daggers, swords, scimitars, machetes and bayonets. It has been with him in wars and at

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special ceremonies all over the globe.
Now the knife has taken the next logical step forward in its history, and become an art form. From a powerful aid to man's survival it has become a collector's item, eagerly sought after and far too valuable to ever be used for such a mundane task as cutting. In fact in the USA where knife-collecting originated some examples can sell for up to 25,000 dollars.
The number of knife collectors is expanding rapidly in the US and all over the world. And in Britain, too, the hobby is generating a lot of interest, so much so that medical instrument maker Howard Hitchmough is now making custom knives, and presented one to Prince Charles as a wedding present.
The craftsmen who make the knives have

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15: *Folding fillet knife used by fishermen;* ***16:*** *Quick-opening defence folder with elephant ivory handle;* ***17:*** *Contemporary folding Scots-style skeandhu;* ***18/19:*** *Made by Bob Ogg, acid etched by Charles Lieb, and engraved by H H Frank, this unusual matched pair of knives is decorated with an Adam and Eve motif in gold;* ***20:*** *Mini quick-opening folder with ebony slabs on the handle;* ***21:*** *Pocket hunter with abalone handle;* ***22:*** *Old Damascus folding knife with Crown stag handle;* ***23:*** *Folding boot knife with jade inlaid handle;* ***24:*** *Quick-opening hunter with gold inlays;* ***25:*** *An attractive pocket folder;* ***26:*** *Two-blade pocket folder with mother of pearl inlaid handle;* ***27:*** *Luger knife with 34 moving parts, each one individually serialised;* ***28:*** *Mini pocket-folder in solid gold with rhino horn inlaid handle;* ***29:*** *Utility pivoting folder with a stag-antler handle;* ***30:*** *Skinning knife engraved by H H Frank. It has elephant ivory slabs on the handle;* ***31:*** *Button-lock sailor's knife. The knives on this spread are worth £29,000.*

worldwide reputations, and if you wanted one of William Moran's pieces you would have to join an incredible 20 year waiting list. But such is their pride in their craft that Buster Warenski is able to guarantee his knives for as long as he is physically able to work.

'The emphasis is on personal style and skill, rather than mass-produced mediocrity,' explained Ted Devlet, founder of the New York Custom Knife Show. 'The knives are designed to be totally utilitarian, capable of perfectly performing the intended function. But the guys who have made them have taken their skills into the realm of art. Not many collectors would use their drop hunter to actually skin an animal.'

The world of custom knives is full of exotic names which can easily confuse the uninitiated. To most of us a knife is just a blade and a handle, but did you know it also has a point, bevel, spine, ricasso, hilt, choil, butt cap and a quillion? And even the types of knife can be confusing – pocket pen, bowie, dagger, frontlock, sliplock, lockback, boot-knife, whittler, and so on.

Custom knife enthusiasts owe much to

32: *Timberline survival knife. This has a hollow handle wrapped with nylon fishing line, and containing a waterproof compartment for matches etc;* ***33:*** *Sub-hilt fighter inlaid with silver, mother of pearl, black coral and abalone;* ***34:*** *Sub-hilt fighter made by Howard Hitchmough of London. Its handle is made of petrified Arizona ironwood;* ***35:*** *Hunter made by Owen Wood of South Africa;* ***36:*** *Oolo, or contemporary Eskimo skinning knife;* ***37:*** *Contemporary Japanese Tanto. Traditionally this is the Samurai's third blade, and it was used for hara-kiri, the ritual suicide;* ***38:*** *Mini dirk;* ***39:*** *Boot knife;* ***40:*** *Weapon knife in Damasus steel with a penis-shaped handle in Macedon ivory;* ***41:*** *All-steel Damascus hunter;* ***42:*** *Boot knife with scrimshawed ivory handle;* ***43:*** *Margaret's Needle, made by William Moran as a hair decoration and concealment weapon;* ***44:*** *Whittling knife;* ***45:*** *A two-bladed kangaroo-hunter. The lion's head engraving was done by Firo Fracassi, and it took him a staggering 200 hours. The detail is incredible.*

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William Moran who has been making blades for 30 years, and almost singlehandedly revived the dying art of blade-smithing, that is hand-forging the blades into shape. At first William's knives were just bought by hunters who needed a good blade for cleaning a trout, skinning an elk and so on. But about 15 years ago a new breed of knife collector emerged, and now William's work is highly-prized and sought after.

In the early seventies William rediscovered how to make Damascus steel which is generally considered to be in a class by itself. Damascus is produced by painstakingly combining low and high carbon steel, hammering it as thin as a pancake, folding it and then hammering it again. This process of heating and hammering is repeated at least nine times until the finished blade has a series of waving patterns, not unlike the contour lines on an ordnance survey map. It can take hundreds of hours of hard and painstaking work.

A Damascus blade will take an edge and hold it better than any other material known to man, and surprisingly it will bend like a high-tension spring. To join the lofty ranks of the American Master Smiths, a knife-maker has to put his Damascus blade into a vice and virtually bend it in half. If it is up to scratch, it will spring back into perfect shape. To test its edge, a short piece of hemp rope two inches thick is hung on a string. Then while it is hanging free the knife-maker has to hack through it with his blade.

While Damascus and other forged blades are made by a traditional process dating back centuries, knives can also be made by the more modern stock-removal method. This involves cutting out the blade from a solid block of steel. The outline of the blade is drawn on the steel, cut with a band saw, then worked with a belt grinder. The maker gets the required shape and finish by using progressively finer grades of sandpaper and finally a buffing compound. The steel is hardened and tempered by heat treatment. Now the knife can be polished and rebuffed to be given a mirror finish which shines like a Rolls Royce radiator grille.

A knife-maker can take up to four months on a blade if his customer wants the knife embellished to order. Knives can be decorated by hand engraving or acid etching, which is one of the earliest forms of embellishment.

Knife-steel hardness is measured on the Rockwell Scale. The average kitchen knife will have a Rockwell reading of 19 or 20 while a good factory knife will measure up to 52-58. But so tough are the custom knife blades that they will go as far as 65 on the Rockwell scale, quite impressive when one considers that at 60 on the scale a file cannot cut the steel.

But the skilled knife-maker does not just stop at the blade. The handles, too, are produced to the highest possible standard, whether they be made from the traditional bone, leather, rare and exotic woods, or ultra-modern materials like micarta, a space-age laminate of cloth and phenolic resin which is virtually indestructible. Or for something a little more unusual you could have a handle made from *oosic*, which for the uninitiated is the penis bone of the walrus. The handles are also often decorated. The art of embellishing tusk or ivory handles by scratching and then rubbing in colour is known as scrimshaw.

Ted Devlet believes the appeal of these custom-made knives lies in their perfection and the craftsmanship that has gone into them. 'We are living in an age of mass production. There is nothing like the feeling of picking up something which has been made by hand, and knowing that it is the best possible knife available. The origin of these knives is practical, but people are attracted to first class blades for the beauty of the design, and the superlative finish.'

Of all the different types being made today, the Bowie knife has perhaps the most evocative name, conjuring up all sorts of romantic images. In fact it is the ancestor of today's hunting, fighting, diving and scouting knives which have a straight wide blade whose edge curves towards the point from which a false edge extends backwards over a third of the spine. Not much is known about James Bowie, the inventor of this knife.

He was born in the south of the USA, and made a fortune in the slave trade, smuggling or even piracy before settling in Texas which was then owned by Mexico. Tradition has it that around 1830, five years before his death, he created the famous knife. It is said that Bowie asked a skilled blacksmith, James Black, to make him a knife according to a wooden model he had carved out of walnut. The legend goes that Black made the knife in one night.

The design improved the single-edged knife by combining the good points of two types of blade. It had the light balance of a fencing blade, and the heavy strength of a hunting knife, which made it suitable for thrusting and vicious backwards slashing. Davy Crockett is said to have exclaimed on seeing Bowie's knife, 'It'll give you a stomach ache just to look at it.'

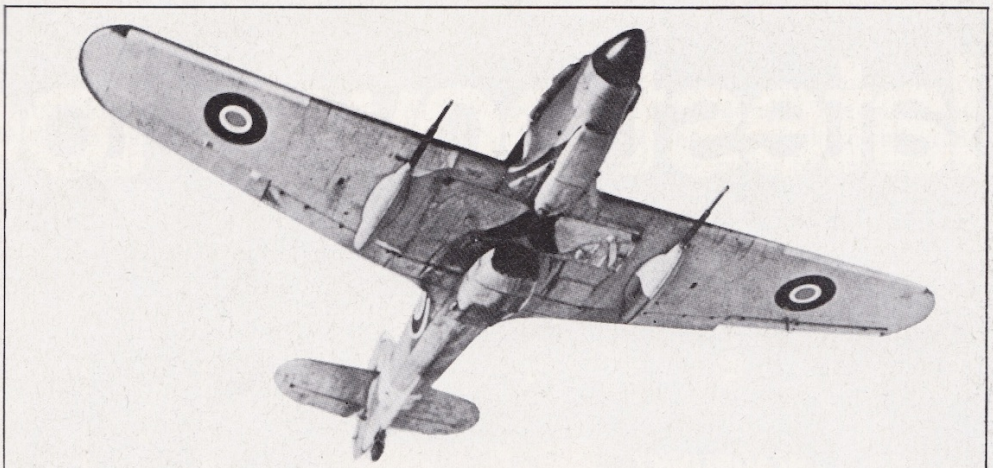
The knife's fame grew along with demand, and soon foreign manufacturers had to be called in to keep up the supply. Among them were Wostenholm & Sons of Washington Works near Sheffield, who exported thousands of knives during the last century. Their model is still being manufactured today.

Pocket and folding knives are also highly prized by collectors when they have been produced by the custom knife-makers who pride themselves on the precision of the moving parts. These can reach amazing levels of intricacy like the Luger which has no less than 34 moving parts, every one of which is individually serialised.

The value of these custom-made knives to collectors can be judged from the fact that the 45 examples featured in our three colour spreads, which all belong to Ted Devlet, could fetch a staggering £64,000. And the value of a particular knife grows along with the maker's reputation.

Although the USA is the centre for custom-made knives, fine examples are being made in Britain, Germany, Holland, South Africa and Japan. Examples of such knives can be seen at the London Arms Fair which is held each year in April and September. Or if anyone is interested in contacting specific knife-makers, Ted Devlet can put them in touch. He can be contacted at PO Box 886, Fort Lee, New Jersey, 07024 USA.

A close-up of the intricate engraving of the 'kangaroo hunter' (see page 67, number 45).



Underview of a Hurricane equipped with faired Vickers 'S' guns for destroying enemy tanks.

The Hurricane: it took the Nazis by storm
continued from page 50

all his shots were going behind me. I was just turning over him, and laughing at him like hell when my aeroplane was hit by some other sod behind, and I was suddenly drenched in hot glycol. I didn't have my goggles down, and the bloody stuff completely blinded me. It hurt like hell! I didn't know where the hell I was then, and somehow I got into a spin. I could see damn-all, and the cockpit was getting bloody hot so I undid the straps, and opened the hood . . . and then I got out. I came down all right. That's all. Now let's have a bloody drink." '

By the time of the Dunkirk evacuation, the remaining aircraft from six squadrons made their way back to the UK. In the meantime Hurricanes of No 46 Squadron had taken part in the desperate British attempt to rescue the situation in Norway. Although not Fleet Air Arm equipped, they were ferried over on the carrier, *HMS Glorious*, from which they took off successfully to land, and join some Gladiators at Bardufoss. The Hurricanes did well in providing air cover for the British task force, and they shot down numerous enemy aircraft. But by early June, 1940, evacuation was the only way out of a steadily worsening situation. Air Ministry decision was to destroy all the Hurricanes on the ground, and ferry the pilots back by sea, but their commander, Squadron Leader Cross, mindful of the need to save such machines, begged to be allowed to fly them off, and land on *HMS Glorious*. It was a volunteer mission, there was a 100% response, and all the Hurricanes landed-on safely without deck arrester gear. Unhappily there was a really tragic sequel. Steaming south westward for home, *Glorious* ran into *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* who sank her with gunfire. All the Hurricanes went to the bottom, and all those brave pilots died, save two, one of them Cross himself, picked up from a Carley float by a passing vessel.

And so to the Battle of Britain. Fighter Command Chief, Lord Dowding, had his Spitfires more or less intact, but in August, 1940 he still had nearly twice as many Hurricanes as Spitfires for first line strength despite grievous losses of the former in those early Continental operations. Luftwaffe strategy in the early weeks was for heavy bomber formations – Heinkels, Junkers and Dorniers – flying at around 17,000 feet, and heavily escorted by Messerschmidt fighters at higher altitude – Bf 109's and 110's – and aimed at RAF airfields, radar stations and Channel shipping. Experience soon showed that the Hurricane performed very well at its 'rated altitude' of 15,000 feet, but was outclassed by both Spitfire and Bf 109 at greater altitudes because of their higher manoeuvrability and faster rate of climb. Thus Fighter Command controllers tried to engage bombers with Hurricanes while pushing the Spitfires up higher to deal with the fighter cover – a counsel of perfection of course, and not always easy to arrange. But at their own level Hurricanes were a match for enemy fighters, and one of their most heroic performances occurred, ironically enough, over Hawkers' own factory at 12,000 feet on September 4, 1940. We are indebted to the diarist of No. 253 Squadron for the following account:

'Kenley, September 4, 1940. Nine Hurricanes took off from Kenley at 13.05 – 13.10 hrs. to patrol base and Croydon at 8,000 feet. They . . . sighted 20 Bf 110's about to attack Brooklands aerodrome. Leader turned the formation 90 degrees to starboard, and in shallow Vic dived to the attack out of the sun from about 12,000 feet. Flt Lt Cambridge, leading the formation, attacked an enemy aircraft from the beam and above expending all his ammunition in one long burst, and saw the target's port engine catch fire. Blue One followed it down and saw it crash in flames in a field. Blue Two (Plt Off Samolinski) attacked another, and observed a fire in the cockpit after which the enemy aircraft turned, and went into a dive. Green Two (Sgt Dredge) attacked a Bf 110 from 30 degrees above and to the rear, giving a ten second burst while closing from 300 down to 25 yards. Both engines caught fire, and a red glow was observed in the cockpit; the enemy was seen to dive straight down, and burst into flames (confirmed by Red One). Green Three (Plt Off Novak), after attacking Bf 110, observed smoke coming from the fuselage, after which the enemy dived and crashed. Red One (Flt Lt Wedgwood) succeeded in getting on the tail of a Bf 110, and fired a ten second burst from 250 yards to point blank range. The enemy caught fire, climbed steeply before falling to crash in a wood. Red Two (Plt Off Corkett) attacked a Bf 110 which was flying on the starboard side of the enemy Vic; after two bursts the enemy broke formation, climbed 500 feet, turned over onto its back, and dived straight down, and exploded in a field. Red Three (Sgt Kee) delivered a head-on attack on a Bf 110 from slightly below and from 250 yards closing to 50 yards, firing 1 – 2 second bursts. Small pieces ripped off the fuselage and tail. Blue Three (Sgt Innes) and Green One (Fg Off Watts) silenced the rear gunners of two Bf. 110's. Nine Hurricanes landed at Kenley 13.55 hrs. Our losses: Nil. Enemy casulaties: Six Bf 110's destroyed, one damaged.'

A good day for No 253 Squadron. Not all squadrons had it so good, of course, and here is an edited version of the experiences of Geoffrey Page, DSO, DFC, a Hurricane pilot with No 56 Squadron stationed at North Weald. They had been shunted over to Rochford 'after an early lunch', to relieve 'the sister squadron which was doing the morning shift from the forward airfield.' They were all shagged out from continual flying, and stared drowsily at that awful black telephone whose ring would bring them stumbling off the grass, and into their aircraft to leave behind the teacups and the jam sandwiches over which they had been falling asleep. Then it came:

'Jumbo (Flight Leader) slammed down the receiver. "Scramble . . . 70 plus approaching Manston. Angels 15!" ' (Angels was the accepted code word for height in thousands of feet). They took off, and climbed to meet the 30 Dornier 215 bombers and their escort of 40 Messerschmidt 109's. Ten Hurricanes against 70 EA. 'No better or worse than usual,' commented Page. They got to height to attack the bombers and then: 'Jumbo's unmistakable voice came piping through the headphones . . . "Echelon starboard – go" '. Jumbo took on the leader, and then peeled away. Page felt very much alone. But he had a Dornier in his sights, and could see his Browning machine guns flashing around the port engine. And then it happened:

'The first bang came as a shock. For an instant I couldn't believe I'd been hit. Two more bangs followed in quick succession, and as if by magic a gaping hole suddenly appeared in my starboard wing.

'Surprise quickly changed to fear, and as the instinct of self preservation began to take over, the gas tank behind the engine blew up, and my cockpit became an inferno.'

Already badly burned, and with most of his clothing below waist level blown off by the explosion, he managed to bale out. In a dazed kind of way, as the parachute opened, he realised that he was off the coast of Margate by about ten miles, and was going to end up in the drink. 'Ten thousand feet below me lay the deserted sea. Not a ship or a seagull crossed its blank, grey surface.' He was luckier than some: he managed painfully to divest himself of the parachute harness as he went in feet first but his Mae West failed to inflate, and he had to paddle around to keep afloat until a passing small merchant vessel spotted him, and launched a motor boat. Page continues:

'In it sat two men in the strange garb peculiar to sailors of the British Merchant Service . . . Slowly the boat circled without

turn to page 91

TRACEY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEFF KAINE

If you wanted to impress sexy Tracey Farren, you could try stroking her pet, Cleopatra. Not too difficult, you might think – until Tracey casually announces that Cleopatra just happens to be a snake, and a seven and a half feet long python at that. 'I love all types of snakes, and find them fascinating creatures,' said our nineteen-year-old Coventry beauty, which is unfortunate for one of her best friends as he is terrified of snakes. Cleopatra lives off live rats, and dead rabbits which Tracey feeds her. 'She is always trying to eat my cat as well, but luckily for the cat she is still too young to manage it.' Cleopatra lives in Tracey's bedroom. Pet-lover Tracey also has three-dogs.

Tracey, who measures 34-24-35, was born in Coventry, and went to Nicholas Chamberlain Comprehensive School, at Bedworth. 'I left at 16, and went to Nuneaton Technical College where I qualified as a beautician.' Being able to change her looks with make-up comes in handy. 'I had a modelling assignment in a pub where the landlord had chucked me out. But luckily he didn't recognise me when I turned up there.'

For relaxation, Tracey enjoys a drink at the *Young Farmers Club*, or you will often find her in *The Pig* at Wolvey. 'I also enjoy going to the pictures, specially when they're showing something horrific or gory.' As she wants to try all types of modelling, Tracey has to keep her figure in good shape. 'I play quite a lot of badminton at our local sports centre, and that keeps me trim.'

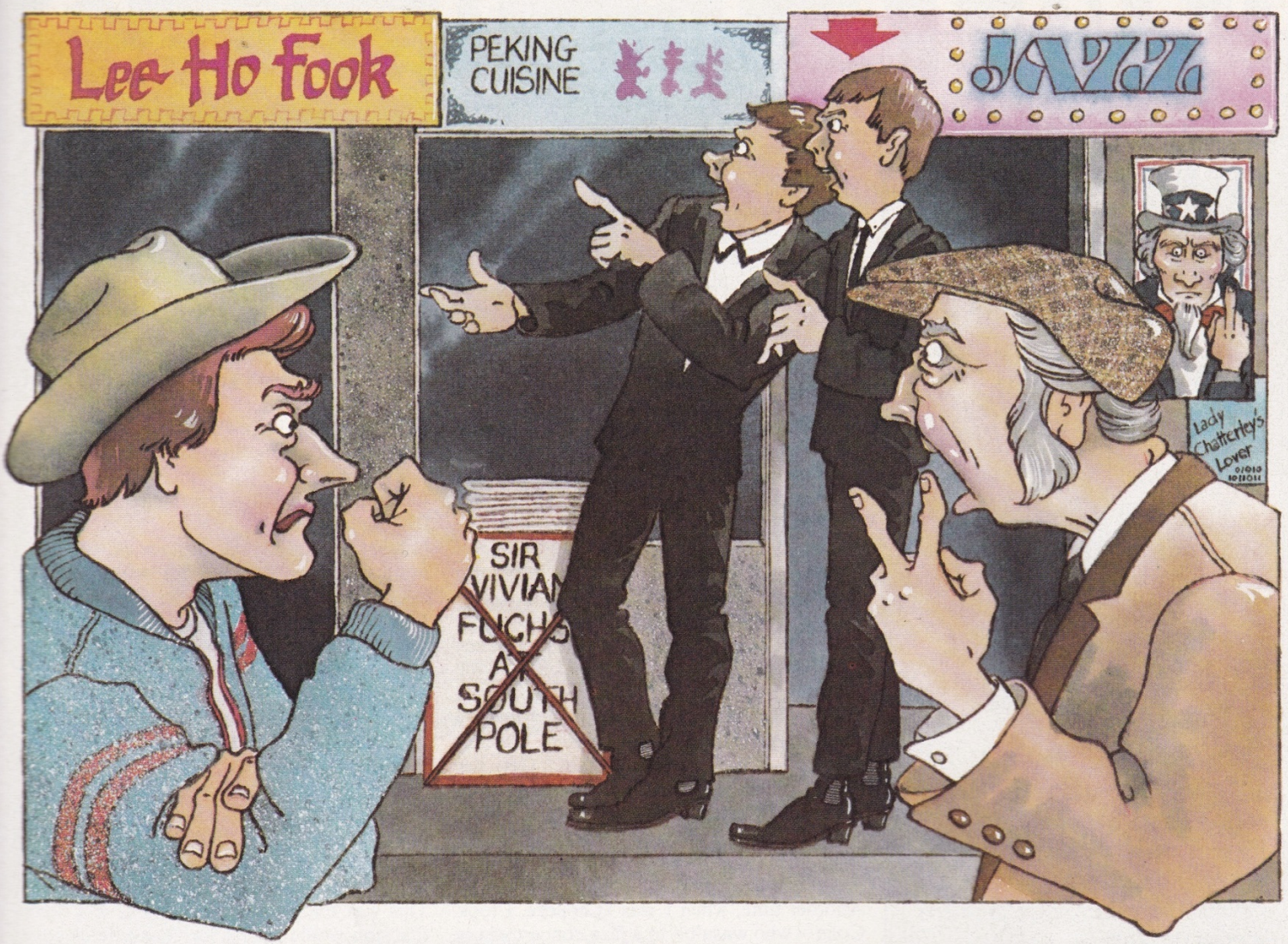


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

Kenneth Tynan caused an uproar when he was the first to say it on TV, whilst a judge claimed to have counted 30 mentions of it in Lady Chatterley's Lover. Now that small word beginning with F has become commonplace – and highly adaptable

Our four-lettered friend

Humour by Mike Mills

About 20 years ago I witnessed an historic happening. I saw and heard the late Kenneth Tynan become the first man to say 'fuck' on television.

At the time, speculation was rife as to what would follow. Protectors of our morals feared an avalanche of four letter words, fornication and other horrors sweeping through the media, and destroying civilisation as we know it. Forward-looking radicals hoped for a removal of taboos in language, and a more open attitude to sex in general.

And ordinary consumers, mere occasional users of the word 'fuck' like myself, also wondered what was in store. Would we have to find a new word to express our strong feelings, or to use when we deliberately wanted to offend people?

Well, most of the apprehension was unfounded. 'Fuck' has lost a little of its ability to shock over the years but fortunately it still retains a great deal of its power. In 1982 (note the time lag) Mr Reg Race became the first man to say 'fuck' in the House of Commons.

It was during a debate on sex shops. All Mr Race said was that in his local sex shop there was a list of ladies under the heading, 'Phone them, and fuck them' – it is not clear whether or not, by some technological miracle, you did both at once. But his use of the four letter word was ruled out of order by the Speaker. So 'fuck' has now taken its place alongside other abusive words which are banned as being unparliamentary expressions. These include such unspeakable obscenities as 'cad', 'swine', 'rat', 'Pharisee' and 'guttersnipe'.

Controversy rages over the exact derivation of the expletive. The proud British like to claim 'fuck' as Anglo Saxon, but at least one dictionary claims Germanic origin, and that it comes from the old word, *ficken*, meaning to strike. Which must make the phrase 'all-out strike' highly confusing in Germany. As for the first man to say it, I dare say the caveman who dropped the wheel on his-foot got pretty close. But whatever its real origin, nobody *says* it like the British.

In the English language, as an expression of dismissive contempt, 'Fuck off!' has few rivals. The gutteral, staccato, Northern 'fook off!' is equally as effective as the laconic Cockney drawl of 'fack orrff!' Somehow, though, when it crossed the Atlantic, 'fuck' seemed to lose some of its resonance, and our American cousins have had to resort to cumbersome compound words like 'motherfucking' and 'cocksucking'.

Because it is a more-or-less taboo word, different regional pronunciations of 'fuck' give rise to different jokes or puns. Southerners can laugh at 'Why did Jane Russell? – Because Max Factor,' while up North we fall

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about at the mention of respectable Soho restaurateur Lee Ho Fook.

We are amused by newspaper headlines like SIR VIVIAN FUCHS OFF TO SOUTH POLE or even SIR VIVIAN FUCHS AT SOUTH POLE. Who was his partner? we wonder. Was it hardy whore Eskimo Nell or were the huskies pressed into service?

When I was still a young man I had a great friend who fancied himself as a social climber. One night, both pretty drunk, we managed to gatecrash a rather high-class party. A friend of the hostess, in an attempt to place us in the social hierarchy, asked Colin, 'Do you know Angela Fox?' To which he gave the immortal, but rather foolhardy reply, 'Does she?'

We were put in our place all right – outside on a cold, hard pavement. But from this early, and somewhat unfortunate, setback, Colin developed into what can only be described as a virtuoso in the use of the word 'fuck'. Well, perhaps he used it a bit too often, but he certainly used it to good effect.

I remember another party, where developments were being hindered by the presence of an overly respectable couple. When one fellow's girlfriend, rather inebriated, had gone to the bathroom, Colin leaned over to him, and remarked in his loudest whisper, 'Now's your chance, Graham. Get her fucked while she's pissed!' Hurried departure of respectable couple, and almost immediate enlivenment of party. Unfortunately for Graham, on this occasion she proved to be just a little too pissed.

Another time, when I was at college, I took Colin – who wasn't – to a jazz concert where we were joined by two trendy college tutors. This was in the swinging sixties, and in order to show that he was one of the lads, one of the lecturers eyed up a nubile, mini-skirted dolly bird.

'That's a beautiful pair of thighs,' he remarked. 'Aye,' replied Colin, who didn't like being condescended to, 'in other words she'd be a good fuck.' They drank their halves of bitter fairly quickly, and left us in peace.

I rarely see Colin these days. He has risen rapidly to a high position in America's top computer firm. Mostly because of his ability I suppose, but at least partly because of his image as a tough, abrasive, no-nonsense, hard-nosed trouble shooter. He achieved this by his frequent use, at high-level meetings, of the word 'fuck' and its many derivatives.

Sometimes the colloquial meaning of the word completely overwhelms the more literal meaning. A guy I knew did National Service with some Geordies. One tough little miner when commenting on a girl he fancied, who clearly did not return his ardour, growled: 'I'd like to get her by her fooking stuck-up nose, bend her over that fooking barrack room table, pull down her fooking drawers, and fooking well hold her there until we'd all fooking well stuffed her.'

I know that some people are dismayed by all this abrasive, expletive use of 'fuck', and would like to see it restored to its original, gentler meaning. I agree that some of the phrases we are forced to use instead are pretty useless. Like the lady in court who was accused by counsel of 'sleeping with a man'. 'What's wrong with sleeping?' she asked.

On the whole, though, I think that attempts to make 'fuck' respectable are doomed to failure. Sober dictionary definitions like the following can only provoke laughter:-

fuck: (noun) a partner in sexual intercourse, especially one of specified competence or experience, as in 'she was a good fuck.'

fuck: verb transitive as in 'John fucks Mary.'

fuck: verb intransitive as in 'Mary was fucked by John.'

The last two are misleading anyhow, implying that Mary can't fuck John. If you think she can't, you don't know Mary like I know Mary.

Matters are not helped by:-

fuck: an exceedingly small amount, as in 'I don't give a fuck.'

fucking: adverb of size or extent as in, 'a fucking big one.'

fucked: exhausted, in a state of collapse, useless for the purpose for which it was intended.

Even DH Lawrence in *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* only succeeded in making himself look rather ridiculous. Not so ridiculous, though, as the prosecuting QC in the Lady Chatterley obscenity trial who came out with the statement:

'The word "fuck" or "fucking" occurs no less than 30 times. I have added them up, but I do not guarantee that I have added them all up. "Cunt" 14 times; "balls" 13 times; "shit" and "arse" six times apiece; "cock" four times; "piss" 3 times and so on.'

This was the man who asked, 'Is it a book that you would even wish your wife or your servants to read?'

I don't think 'fuck' should be banned altogether. I can hardly say that when I have used it over 40 times in this article – is this a record? But I do think it should be used sparingly otherwise it will lose its effect.

It was used to great effect by *Private Eye* when the magazine received a solicitor's letter from someone who saw the chance to sue, and raise some cash. 'His attitude to damages,' said the letter pompously, 'will be governed by the nature of your reply.' The reply consisted of two words: 'Fuck off,' and no more was heard of the matter.

So, to sum up, I am against the widespread, frequent, indiscriminate use of the word 'fuck'. These strictures, of course, do not apply to the act itself. Quite the reverse in fact, but that reminds me of another story.

It happened to a friend of mine. He was staying at an old fashioned hotel where the bathroom was in the corridor. He filled the good deep old tub with scalding hot water, then nipped back to his room to fetch some bath cubes. When he returned the bathroom door was just closing behind a girl in a pink dressing gown. 'Hey. It's my bath,' he called. The door opened a fraction, and this devastating blonde was looking cooly at him. 'It's my bath. I filled it,' he explained. Her face softened. The dressing gown fell open to reveal a deep cleavage and a few blonde pubes peeping over the most miniscule bikini pants he had ever seen. 'Do you fuck?' she asked, softly and coyly. 'I say. Yes. You know. Well. Please,' he blurted out.

'Well, fuck off,' she said. 'It's my bath.'

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The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

Many people find that a pleasant voice can be as much of a turn-on as a pretty face. Quest meets three people for whom a telephone call led to a successful sexual liaison

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

FREELANCE JOURNALIST, 27 years old, town of origin Llangollen

The interviewee has worked as a freelance writer since he left college six years ago. In that time, he has written for a wide variety of publications, and lived in several different parts of the country. He is single, and lives alone, currently in a rented flat in south London

Quest: Being self-employed in the current economic climate is a risky business, how have you managed to stay successful?

Journalist: A lot of nerve, I suppose. Not being afraid to ring up the person at the top for a quote – that's what sells a story.

Quest: You say 'ring' them. Do you work mainly from home?

Journalist: Yes. The phone is the most essential item in a freelance's life. You can create any image you like for yourself on the phone. You can pretend you're in a plush office, or just a member of the public, even alter your voice accordingly. When I first started out I was living in a grotty bedsit in Birmingham, but I was on the phone. How was the guy at the other end to know I wasn't in Fleet Street? At one time, I wasn't on the phone, and used to ring from my 'office' as it was known. In actual fact it was the third phone box from the right in New Street Station. There's many a time the BBC have rung there thinking it was a slick office in town.

Quest: Have you tried to impress girls in the same way?

Journalist: It's funny you should say that but I met my last girlfriend through the phone.

Quest: Tell us about it.

Journalist: I was working for a small publication in a country town. It was really boring stuff – all flower arranging competition results, marriages and funerals – but I needed the money. The only respite was doing the 'What's On' page because then I could chat up Gillian (name changed). She was the press officer at the local theatre. I loved talking to her, she was always joking, making fun of the plays and the stars in them. It was obvious she took the job as seriously as I did. It made such a pleasant change from talking to the WI. Anyway as

time went on, we would chat for longer and longer, then we would start flirting with one another.

Quest: Flirting? How?

Journalist: I'd just talk softly, near to the receiver, as if I was whispering in her ear. And she would do the same.

Quest: What did you say?

Journalist: It started with *double entendres*. She loved them. I remember asking her once what she was doing that weekend, and she said, 'I'm going out for a meal tonight. I always feel much better with something hot inside me.' 'But it's over so quickly,' I replied. 'Not with me,' she said, 'I like to take it slowly, enjoying every bit, every little taste. Besides I can only get little things into my mouth.' All this in a quiet voice, obviously loving the double meaning. I could feel myself growing until I was about to burst.

Quest: So you arranged to meet her?

Journalist: No, I didn't:

Quest: Why not?

Journalist: I didn't want to spoil it. She might be 50, with moonscape acne and halitosis. What's worse, she might not fancy me. No, I stuck with my fantasies, and my weekly phone turn-on.

Quest: What did you imagine she was like?

Journalist: Tall with long blonde hair, that fell over the shoulders. She sounded tall, if that's possible, slim with firm round boobs and long legs. She would be carefully made-up with dark red lips that pouted when she talked. I imagined she was all alone in the office when she was on the phone to me, wearing a white blouse undone to the third button and a tight black skirt that had ridden up to her thighs. As she talked I could see her hand sliding up her thigh. I could hear the hiss of the nylon as she reached her stocking top. Slowly under the cover of the desk, her long fingers would reach further, running circles around her panties, then one would slip into the gusset. She could just get another finger through the tight elastic, and she'd carry on rubbing gently around her gingery pubes, before one of her fingers pushed a little harder into the lips of her fanny. I could feel the moistness myself, as I thought of her slowly pushing her fingertips in, gasping as she did so. Then she'd very slowly start to ease them in and out. She'd breathe harder, her head back a bit, her mouth open as she frigged herself off very gently and expertly, leaving her panties soaking wet with her excitement.

Quest: You have quite an imagination.

Journalist: You need one in my job.

Quest: So what made you finally change your mind, and meet her?

Journalist: It wasn't a conscious decision. We met by accident.

Quest: How did it happen?

Journalist: I was invited to a premiere of a play at the theatre, and decided to go along. Gillian told me that she never went to them because they were rather formal, and you had to smile a lot, and try and impress the critics. So imagine how I felt when a young lady greeted me with, 'Hello, I'm Gillian, press officer here at the (name deleted) theatre, are you from the press?'

Quest: What did you do?

Journalist: I was stunned. At first I just didn't recognise her. She was so different from how I imagined, short and dark. But what if she thought I was a disappointment? There was still time to say 'No, I'm just a member of the public', and run.

Quest: So what did you say?

Journalist: Before I had a chance to figure out all the consequences, I heard myself say, 'Hello, Gilly, it's Keith.' (Name changed).

Quest: How did she react?

Journalist: Just as I might have hoped. She laughed loudly and said, 'So we meet at last. It's great to see you.' She didn't seem disappointed with me. Then she started saying that she really oughtn't to have been there, but the other girl in the office had fallen ill.

> 'As I pulled down her tight panties, I thought My God, this is my phone phantasy coming true . . .'

Quest: You said that she was shorter than you had imagined with dark hair. How else did she differ from your fantasies.

Journalist: Apart from that very little. She had the lovely big round breasts that I'd imagined, and the dark red lips. She had one other asset I'd hoped for, dark brown eyes, almost matching her hair. Of course, she was very formally dressed that night, in a long dark blue satin evening gown, completely strapless, revealing a good deal of highly promising cleavage, but not exactly how I'd imagined her in the office. She really did look good.

Quest: So what happened after that?

Journalist: We agreed to meet for a drink after the show. When as she put it she could slip into a facial expression that was a little more comfortable. I didn't remember much about the play.

Quest: What happened afterwards?

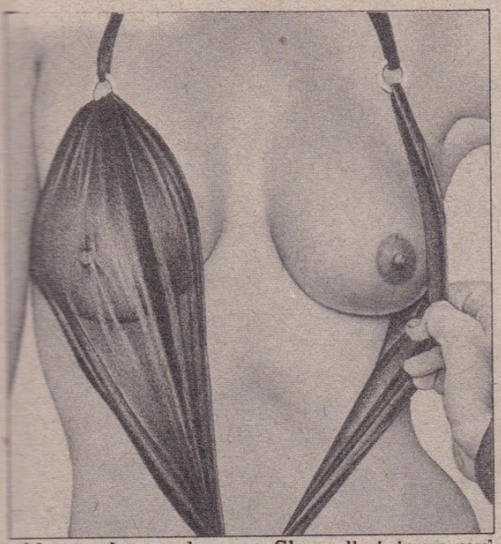
Journalist: I went to the bar, and a few seconds later, Gilly came in, threw her arms around me, and said, 'So you're the man who turns me on once a week.' Then she pecked me on the cheek, and for the first time I felt those firm breasts pushing into me, and I wanted to hold them there and then. We sat and chatted about the play, then Gilly said that she was dying to get out of the high heels she was wearing, and would I like coffee at her place? She said it in that same voice she used on the phone, only this time with a look to accompany it. How could I refuse? So we went back to the flat, and the first thing she did was to flop on the sofa, kicking off her shoes, and stretching her stockinged feet. I took off my jacket, and joined her. 'Now let's have a look,' she said, 'how do you match up? Hair, brown – yes, beard, yes; blue eyes, hmm I had you down for brown, never mind.' It was just like she was ticking off an inventory. She loosened my tie, and started undoing my shirt, 'Ah, a hairy chest,' she said rubbing it, 'just as I thought. But,' she added patting my stomach, 'a little tubbier than expected. Which just leaves . . . !' and glanced downwards. 'And that seems to be improving all the time!' I laughed putting my arm around her bare shoulder, then leant over, and kissed her. Her lips opened, letting my tongue slide in. Her tongue in turn buried itself in my mouth, and we kissed hungrily for some time. My other hand slid up the cool fabric to her thigh, as she turned to rub my chest again. 'Now,' I said, 'let's see how you compare.' I took her by the hands, and stood her up. First I let loose the clip that held up her hair. 'Beautiful long hair,' I said arranging it over her shoulders. 'Lips, just how I imagined,' kissing them in passing, 'and breasts . . .' She looked at me with those big brown eyes, so naughtily, and mouthed, 'Go on,' So I reached around to the zip at the back of her dress, and pulled it down. The dress fell away, down to the floor, leaving those big pink boobs bobbing slightly. 'Well?' she whispered. 'Perfect,' I said cupping them in hands, and kissing each lightly on top.

Quest: How did she respond?

Journalist: 'Tell me more!' she said, I must have looked doubtful because she held me close to her again, and said, 'Come on, I've imagined you there lots of times.' So I knelt down until I was face to face with her lovely flat stomach and a pair of skimpy white knickers, with brown springy hairs bursting from them. Below that was smooth white flesh and the tops of pale brown stockings. She later told me she hated tights, as they always made her itch. My dreams really were coming true. As slowly as I could manage, I eased the panties away from her, and pulled them down. Her pubes were already moist, and just watching them appear slowly and close-to like that had me rock hard. When I had pulled the pants down to her thighs, I buried my face in her springy black hair, my tongue exploring her lips. After kissing her several times I started to push my tongue inside, holding her bottom at the same time, and feeling the smooth skin of her thighs against my face. As I did so, she started pulling my shirt off my shoulders. 'No I want it properly,' she said, 'I've dreamed about it often enough.'

Quest: She meant sex?

Journalist: Yes. So I pulled her knickers right off, before standing up, and letting her take off my shirt, and pull down my trousers. Her hand strayed around my cock as she undid the zip, and I knew that I wouldn't be



able to take much more. She pulled down my underpants, kissing my cock and balls as she did so. It was jerking like mad now, and she held onto it as she stood up again. We fell onto the sofa, kissing, with her on top. She ran her hand up and down my shaft, pulling my foreskin backwards and forwards. If only she had known how much I was aching to come. Then slowly, she guided it into her, sitting up to let it in as far as it would go. Her eyes lit up as I filled her. I moved in and out of her slowly at first, watching those lovely big breasts bob up and down as I bounced on the sofa. Still thrusting she leaned forward again, so I was able to feel them pounding against my chest, her dark red nipples almost sharp on my skin. Suddenly I felt her close around me, and I knew I could hold it no longer. I shot hard into her, as she climaxed, yelling as she did so. Breathlessly she kissed me, keeping me inside her, squeezing every so often to keep me erect. 'Not bad for a first performance,' she laughed. 'Ready for the next act?' 'Don't we get ice creams in the interval?' I joked. She leaned right over me again so that one of her lovely big boobs was dangling over my face. 'You need ice cream, when you've got this?' she said, and my mouth closed around a stubby red nipple. I was swelling again, and I knew we'd be doing an encore.

Quest: A successful first night.

Journalist: Yes, but like Gillian said, it seemed like we'd known each other for years. As it turns out, after that we did know each other for years. Three, to be precise, and all through a bit of flirting on the phone.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR, 24 years old, blonde, town of origin Edmonton

This interviewee joined a large multi-national company as a junior straight from school, and trained to operate the company's exchange. She is now one of a small team of operators, and lives with her boyfriend in a rented flat.

Quest: I believe you met your boyfriend under unusual circumstances. Is that true?

Operator: Yes, I suppose it was unusual. You don't hear about it every day. I've got British Telecom and our wonderful telephone system to thank.

Quest: It was the telephone which brought you together then?

Operator: Yes, you could say that.

Quest: It was responsible for you having sex?

Operator: Well, let's get this straight. I've read in my boyfriend's magazines that there are places where men can phone to get off. It was nothing like that. It was more a catalyst for us, although we did have some fruity conversations over the phone.

Quest: Did you ever masturbate or anything over the phone?

Operator: How do you mean?

Quest: I'm thinking more of a very famous scene from a Michael Caine film called *Get Carter*. Perhaps you've seen it?

Operator: No, as a matter of fact I haven't. But what connection is there with me?

Quest: Well, in this film Michael Caine is separated from his girlfriend, played by Britt Ekland, and they have a very horny telephone call, with Caine telling Miss Ekland to undress and start touching herself. Did your telephone calls follow a similar line?

Operator: Only once, very early in our relationship, before we'd even been out together.

Quest: What happened?

Operator: We'd spoken to each other on the phone for several days, and more and more the conversation had become bolder as we got to know each other better. He had a very strong voice; I always told him that he could be on the radio with a voice like he had. It was commanding, yet compassionate and humorous at the same time. Really dishy. We were chatting on the line, after five when the other girls had gone, and he started asking me what I looked like. I told him quite a lot about myself really.

> "As he rubbed my boobs I went wild. It was just as good as I imagined from his lovely telephone calls"

Quest: Like what?

Operator: That I was 19, at the time, that I was blonde, five foot two inches tall, that I was single and didn't have a boyfriend. Then he started asking more and more personal questions, like what I was wearing.

Quest: And that was?

Operator: A black split skirt and a white lacy blouse from Laura Ashley. 'What, no underwear?' he said. Only panties, I told him. It was outrageous, but I didn't mind. As I was telling him I began to have all these terrible thoughts; maybe he was touching himself as we spoke. It sent a shiver down my spine. Not a nasty one, a nice one. After all, he didn't know me so there was no problem, I wasn't threatened or anything. I started squirming in my seat, and I could feel myself get damp down there. It was wicked of me, I know, but sometimes if you let yourself go you can get terribly dirty and indulgent.

Quest: Did you go any further?

Operator: Don't be silly, I was in the office remember, but I started squeezing my thighs quite hard together, and by shifting on my seat I started getting very excited, and I even put my hand on my lap, and pressed my fingers over myself, and started rubbing very gently.

Quest: Did you find out much about him?

Operator: Not really, I made a few remarks, asked him what he looked like – same old questions. He said if you imagined a cross between Robert Redford and Charles Bronson, then it wouldn't look anything like him. Then it started getting coarser. I asked him what he was doing, and he said playing with himself. I had this image of this incredibly dirty man with a large red penis stroking himself as he talked to me. But then he said he had to go, that his boss was calling. We arranged to talk again the next day, and I had to go off to the ladies for a few minutes to calm down before going home.

Quest: Did you bring yourself to orgasm?

Operator: No, it was nice at the time, almost doing it unawares as we talked, I couldn't just rush off to the loo, and frig myself. That's a male fantasy, women just don't do things like that. I thought him incredibly dirty though, and I was intrigued by him.

Quest: Just how did you get talking to him in the first place?

Operator: Chance, nothing but chance, pure and simple. He told me that in his office they used to sometimes just dial numbers at random, just to see who they got, and this time Phil got through to our switchboard, and I answered the call. They used to have a set spiel, asking for someone with a common name, and then they'd just get you talking.

Quest: And that is all this Phil did?

Operator: Why yes. He liked my voice, got my name and the company name from hearing the other girls, and from then on it was plain sailing for him.

Quest: Have you asked him if he had ever picked up other girls that way?

Operator: Picked up! I like that. It makes me sound like some old tart who gets picked up in a pub. I thought we'd developed a relationship of sorts on the phone. Besides when you've been harbouring dirty thoughts about someone you think you'd like but never met, curiosity has got to get the better of you. All my girlfriends at work thought it a scream, and, in fact, I suppose, they were the ones who in the end talked me into meeting him.

Quest: How long had you been having oral sex, if you see my meaning, before you met?

Operator: Oral sex, indeed! I'd hardly call a little mild titillation like we had, sex. Oh, the time, sorry. Yes, it was about five weeks before I went out with him.

Quest: And how often did he phone you in that time?

Operator: Most days, sometimes several times a day. We even developed a code in case the supervisor came in. I'd say 'I'm afraid we can't give that kind of information.' When he heard that he knew I couldn't talk, and rang off.

Quest: Did you think that by meeting him you were committing yourself to sex?

Operator: Good heavens, no. I'm a free agent you know, no one commits me, other

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than me. If I want to go to bed with someone then I will.

Quest: Were you sexually active at that time?

Operator: If that means had I had a lot of boyfriends, then the answer is yes, but I'd only been to bed with three boys before Phil came along.

Quest: Where did you arrange to meet him?

Operator: Outside the *Savoy* in the Strand after work one evening. We went to a pub, and then he took me to a Mexican restaurant round there somewhere.

Quest: What were your expectations before you met him?

Operator: I don't think I had any really. I like meeting people, and he was someone new. I suppose, in truth, I was a bit nervous, it being like a blind date almost. But when we had met we seemed to get on as if we'd known each other ages.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Operator: Naturally I did. I'm living with him aren't I?

Quest: Of course, silly question. What attracted you at first then?

Operator: He was tall, a good foot on me, well-built, had a slightly old-fashioned haircut, was well-dressed, and had good features. He wasn't fat or anything which I find an instant turn-off. But he wasn't a Bronson or a Redford either.

Quest: Had you gone out dressed for the possibility of sex?

Operator: Well, I'd dressed up a bit, but it was the middle of summer. You can't dress up sexily in summer, I think, in lots of lovely lacy undies. You can only show a bit of boob, and that looks very tarty. I was wearing some new saucy French knickers, however, which I'd just bought from Janet Reger. I loved the loose fit, and wasn't wearing anything else underneath. Sometimes it was lovely when you'd get a breeze up my skirt, very cool and sexy. My other boyfriends had hated tights so I hardly ever wore them, except in winter.

Quest: So what happened that night?

Operator: After the meal he volunteered to drive me back home as he had a company car which he brought into town. Well, he drove me back to my flat, and I invited him up for a coffee. It's so silly, everyone invites everyone else in for coffee, but everyone knows what that means.

Quest: Sex?

Operator: Yes. I'd had a bit too much to drink, it's not an excuse, but I had. I made some coffee, and went into the living room with it, and put it down on the table, but we never drank it. Phil immediately got up, and came over to me, put his arm round me, and pulled me toward him, kissing me quite firmly on the lips. Then as I responded by kissing him back it developed into one of those deep long-lasting French kisses that leaves your lips and tongue numb at the end, and you feeling very damp down there.

Quest: You were excited?

Operator: I should say so. It was gorgeous really. I felt all happy and sexy at the same time. I remember as we kissed Phil shifted his hands so he was holding my bottom in his hands as we kissed, him making gentle circular motions with his hands. Oh, it really

did feel lovely. Then his hand shifted again, this time brushing over my thigh, lifting my skirt so his hand rested on the satin. He started off teasing me just above the knee, but as our kisses became more and more deep, his hand edged higher, brushing the insides of my thighs, and then higher until he came to bare flesh, which had an immediate effect on him, I could tell.

Quest: He developed an erection?

Operator: I felt it stir, and his breathing became faster, and his hand started rubbing me underneath. He slipped his hand under the knickers, and his fingers were running over my cunny, going right the way back right up to my . . . other place . . . I know you shouldn't, but I love having the area between my bottom and my cunny massaged, it makes me go all weak. When he started rubbing there I fell apart really. I can't help it. I melted away. I remember him then searching out for my breasts, and then next thing was his hot breath on my nipples, taking one in his mouth, then the other, while his hand played with me down there. It was gorgeous, so utterly beautiful. I'd never felt so, so . . . giving before. He could have done with me anything he wanted.

Quest: But what did he do?

Operator: My nipples are very sensitive, too, and they were standing out stiff. 'No more,' I told him, 'I want it inside me.' I flopped down on the floor on a big cushion, and closed my eyes. Next thing I knew he was standing over me, naked, his tool in his hand, and he was putting on a sheath. I hadn't told him I was on the Pill, besides it doesn't hurt to be extra careful. Then he knelt beside me, spread my legs, opened my skirt more, eased my knickers down, and I thought I'd pass out when I felt his tongue, so burning hot, start licking away on my thighs, over my pussy, darting in and out. I couldn't stand it. I had an orgasm almost straight away, and just went ga-ga after that for ages. When he was ready, he positioned himself between my legs properly and I felt this gorgeous hotness on my pussy and a little searing pain as he entered me. He began massaging my breasts, teasing my nipples until they felt like bursting. Then he moved his head down from kissing me on the lips, to licking me on the nipples; it make me so excited. I wanted to feel him flood me. He'd made about three or four thrusts into me before I came again for what seemed ages, and then I felt him stiffen and spurt inside me. I must have had my first ever multiple orgasm, because I don't remember anything else until morning.

Quest: And is the sex still as good?

Operator: Better. And the next day I said to him that I couldn't understand the need to play with himself as he'd said on the phone. He said it'd been a joke, that he was really meaning that he'd been playing with this electronic game while he'd been speaking to me!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

OFFICE MANAGER, 29 years old, town of origin Windsor

This, male, interviewee left school at 18, and took a business management course. He now works in London for a large company and lives in his own flat.

Quest: Are you quite a ladies' man?

Manager: I like girls, if that's what you mean. I wouldn't go to bed with anyone else.

Quest: No, I meant are you quite successful as far as women are concerned?

Manager: Oh, pulling birds, you mean. Well, I don't want to boast . . . No, speaking honestly for once I would say I am strictly Mister Average. It seems to go in cycles. Sometimes there's a famine and I have no luck for a month or two, then everything changes and I can't put a foot wrong, a sort of winning streak you might say. But in the end it all averages out, and I wouldn't say I was any better, or worse, than my pals.

Quest: So you often chat up total strangers on the phone?

Manager: No, I wish I could. That time with Stephanie was a stroke of luck, or a one off thing. It hasn't happened before or since, more's the pity. But that's the wonderful thing about being a dedicated bird fancier – you never know the lucky breaks that might be coming your way. But you have to seize the opportunity.

Quest: So how did the opportunity arise in this particular instance?

Manager: It was the result of another girl winding me up, really.

Quest: How was that?

Manager: Well, I went to a disco with a few friends on a Saturday night. I don't usually like these places, too noisy and hot. But we fancied a change. Anyway, I went up to the bar for a round of drinks, and got chatting to a pretty girl who was trying to fight her way through the crush. To cut a long story short, we chatted for a while, she fell prey to my manly charms, and I danced with her. At least I thought she had fallen prey to my manly charms.

Quest: What do you mean?

Manager: Her telephone number. She wouldn't let me see her home, but I managed to get her phone number, or thought I had. The next day I rang the number, and of course she didn't live there any more. She'd moved out six months previously.

Quest: So that's how you got chatting to Stephanie?

Manager: Yes. I was looking forward to taking that bird out, so I must have sounded very disappointed when it turned out she had given me a bum steer. But Stephanie, the girl who answered the phone, cheered me up when she started to laugh and said I couldn't have sounded more miserable if it had been Bo Derek who'd led me on.

Quest: Weren't you cross at a strange girl laughing at your bad luck?

Manager: No, not really. I always think it's easy come, easy go with girls, so after I'd accepted the knock to my pride I had to laugh. Anyway, Stephanie sounded so nice and friendly that I'd soon forgotten the other girl, and began flirting with her.

Quest: You asked her out?

Manager: Yes. We'd been chatting about this and that, and seemed to be getting on quite well. So I thought nothing ventured, nothing gained, and said as I'd had such a crushing blow to my ego, would she help restore my confidence, and come out for a

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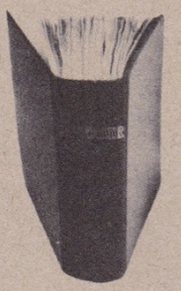

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drink with me. I made it sound like a joke because it was a bit cheeky after all.

Quest: She agreed?

Manager: Yes, eventually, but it took some persuasion. She said that I didn't know what she looked like. I replied that she didn't know what I looked like either, but it might be fun to have a blind date, neither of us had anything to lose.

Quest: Did you expect her to be attractive?

Manager: I know this sounds silly, but she sounded attractive. Or at least on the phone she was friendly and amusing, so even if she'd been Dracula's sister we could have had a chat and a joke. After all, I wasn't committing myself, was I?

Quest: No. So you arranged to meet?

Manager: Yes. In a pub on the following Wednesday. I said we had to do the whole blind date thing properly, and so we both wore carnations. Mind you, I was nervous as hell on the night.

Quest: Who arrived first?

Manager: Me, I was ten minutes early because I wanted a stiff gin before she turned up. I was beginning to get cold feet. Then she came in, and I knew I'd struck lucky.

Quest: She was attractive?

Manager: And how. Fairly short and petite, with long curly hair, almost jet black. And when she took her coat off, her tight jeans and T-shirt showed off her figure to perfection.

Quest: You got on well that first meeting?

Manager: Very well. We had a couple of drinks then went on for a meal. By the time we left the restaurant we were getting on like a house on fire, and we'd both got over the nervousness we'd had earlier. It was just like a regular date.

Quest: Did you sleep together that night?

Manager: Hold on, this is real life, not your *Mayfair* fiction. No, we didn't, but I did walk her home, and I was asked in for coffee.

Quest: Did you kiss her?

Manager: Yes. We were sitting on the sofa listening to some music, and I casually put my arm round her. She didn't move away so I leaned over, and kissed her lightly on the lips. She seemed to enjoy it, so I pulled her towards me, and kissed her more passionately, pushing my tongue into her mouth and tasting her. She put her arms round my neck, and we leaned over on the sofa until we were lying along it. Our kiss had become quite passionate, and she was nibbling my top lip. Her pert little body was pressing against me, and I could smell her perfume, a sort of musky scent that always turns me on.

Quest: Did you go any further?

Manager: A little. Her boobs were pushed against my chest, and as she wasn't wearing a bra I could feel her nipples brushing against me like hard little bullets. I stroked them through her T-shirt, and they grew even harder. She began to moan gently so I pushed one hand under the bottom of her T-shirt, and worked it up towards her breasts. When I reached her boobs they were like firm little apples with hard buds of nipples. I was squeezing them in turn, and rolling the nipples between my finger and thumb. By this time I'd half rolled her on her back so I could reach her boobs, and she didn't object when I pushed up her T-shirt to reveal those little beauties. The nipples were small and dark, and she shuddered as I leaned over and took one in my mouth, sucking gently and rolling my tongue over it.

Quest: Did she unzip you?

Manager: Yes. While I was nibbling her nipples, she reached down and started rubbing me through my trousers. I was already pretty excited, and so she soon had me pushing through my trousers like a tent pole. That's an exaggeration, but you know what I mean.

Quest: Yes. Please continue.

Manager: Well, as she became more and more worked up she started scrabbling at my zip, and eventually managed to undo it. She reached into my pants and pulled me out. Her hand felt so cool around me as she began to rub me, and pump me up and down. Then when I began to get wet she rubbed her palm all over the head which sent shivers up and down my spine.

Quest: But you didn't make love?

Manager: No. I asked, but she said not that time, and kept on pumping me. I was still sucking her nipples, and she certainly knew what she was doing because before long I knew I'd passed the point of no return. She brought me off in a tissue. I think she'd done this sort of thing before.

Quest: Did you stay the night?

Manager: No, she said she had to leave for work early the next morning, but she did promise to go to the theatre with me at the weekend.

Quest: And you slept together on that occasion?

Manager: Yes. We saw the play, went for a meal, and I suggested that we went to my flat as it was nearer. She agreed, so I knew she was willing to spend the night with me.

Quest: Where did you make love?

Manager: In the living room. I went to make coffee, and when I came back she was kneeling on all fours flicking through my record collection. Her neat little bottom was sticking up in the air, and for the first time that evening I noticed she was wearing seamed tights. I saw the seam disappearing under her skirt, and it intrigued me. So I knelt behind her, and gently traced the seam with my finger, under the hem of her skirt, tickling the back of her knee, and up on her thigh.

Quest: Did she enjoy it?

Manager: Yes, it surprised her at first, but she was obviously enjoying it because she started to giggle and wiggled her bottom at me. Then as my hand moved higher I got the surprise.

Quest: How?

Manager: My hand suddenly met bare flesh, beautiful cool bare flesh, smooth as velvet. She laughed because she realised I was surprised, and suggested I raise the safety curtain. So I lifted her skirt, and saw one of the most erotic sights of my whole life – a pair of curvy thighs encased in black stockings, and framed by a black suspender belt. And on top of that there was a bottom like a peach enclosed in tight black pants. I could hardly believe it. I mean, I've been out with girls who wear stockings before, but on that occasion I had no idea, and it just looked incredibly sexy seeing her body from that angle.

Quest: What did you do?

Manager: I gently pulled down her knickers, and stroked her bottom. I've always been a bum man myself, and that bottom was perfection, small and firm and beautiful to the touch. She shivered as my hands followed the curve down and underneath, and her legs parted to allow me access to her lovely little downy cleft which looked like a perfect split peach. I rubbed my hand along her cleft, then gently slipped one finger into her. She gasped as it slid in, and I began to move it in and out. She was beginning to get damp down there, and when I began to rub her clit she was moaning and rolling her bottom around. Her pussy was so beautiful I couldn't resist it, and I leaned forwards and gently licked along her crack, tasting her wetness before I pushed my tongue into her. It felt warm and velvety as I nuzzled my face against her.

Quest: Did she climax?

Manager: She didn't seem far off, as she was moaning gently. Then she turned her head round for the first time and said, 'Go on then, what are you waiting for?' I didn't need further encouragement, so I knelt up, unzipped myself, and slid into her easily as she was already soaking wet and ready for me. As she closed round me I slowly slid in and out, I ran my hands over her bottom, following the line of her crease, and squeezing her cheeks.

Quest: Did she climax then?

Manager: As I began to work up speed, thrusting harder and deeper into her, holding her by her thighs, and pulling her onto my shaft, she began to moan louder and louder and gasped. Her breathing got heavy, and I told her I couldn't hold out much longer. She told me to let her have it all, so I rammed myself into her as far as I could and let myself go, flooding into her. It was an amazing feeling of release as I spurted, and she screamed as she felt me explode. It sent her over the top, and she shuddered as she came. Afterwards we just collapsed in a heap. Later, when we recovered somewhat we went to my bedroom, undressed and made love in a more leisurely fashion.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Manager: Yes, in fact we're going out together regularly. And I never moan about the telephone bill any more.

Quest: Thank you very much.

The Hurricane: it took the Nazis by storm
continued from page 70

attempting to pick me up. A rough voice carried over the intervening water. "What are you? A Jerry or one of ours?"

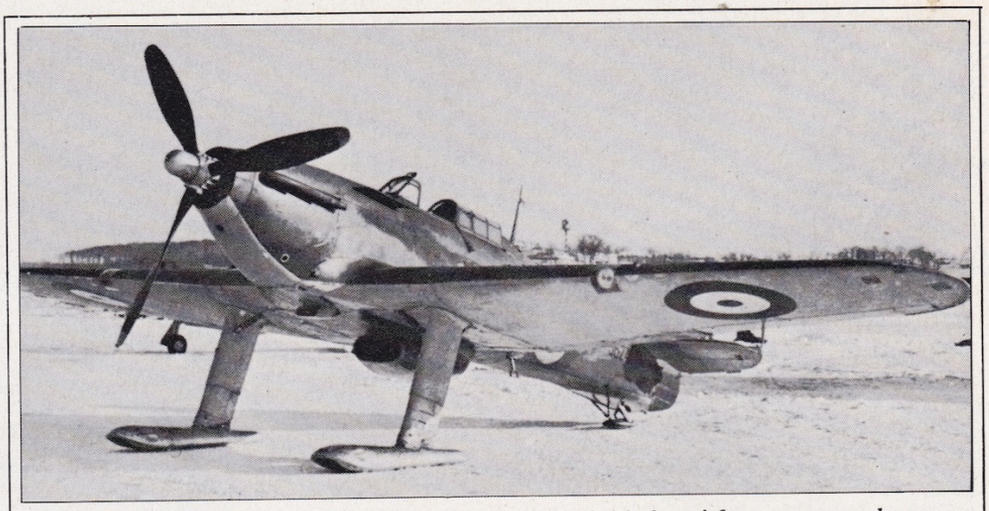
'Anger flooded through me. Anger, not at these sailors who had every reason to let a German pilot drown . . . And anger brought with it temporary energy. "You stupid pair of fucking bastards, pull me out"! '

They dragged him aboard. 'The minute you swore mate,' one of them explained, 'we knew you was an RAF officer.' Whether, of course, these two merchant seamen would really have boat-hooked a Luftwaffe pilot to a watery grave is open to question, but feelings ran high in those days, and if one of them had lost his girlfriend in a German raid on Dover or Harwich the night before, it could have happened. Man's inhumanity to man.

By the end of the Battle of Britain the Mark 11 Hurricane was beginning to reach the squadrons. Deficiencies in performance of the Mark 1 have already been noted, but updated Merlin engines and variable pitch airscrews had improved matters. There remained the question of armament. Eight Browning machine guns zeroed in to produce a cone of fire at 100 yards may sound impressive but examination of shot down EA showed that penetration of .303 rifle-calibre bullets, while effective in soft-skinned areas like control surfaces and cockpit or turret canopies, barely made any impression on even lightly armoured components like engines, fuel tanks and crew positions. Thus the Mark 11 was armed with four 20 mm cannon (Oerlikon or Hispano). The heavier armament plus the carrying of bombs and drop tanks reduced performance to a point where daylight sweeps over Occupied Europe became a risky business, especially after the Focke-Wulf Fw 190 appeared as an interceptor. As a result, by late 1941, they were being used on dusk or night intruder operations, and on May 4, 1942 Flt Lt KM Kuttlewascher, a Czech pilot of No 1 Squadron came upon St André airfield near Fécamp where he observed a lit runway and several aircraft in circuit waiting to land. He slipped in among them, and shot down three Heinkel He 111's before heading back to Tangmere.

Hurricane 11's served almost everywhere – with the Royal Navy as Sea Hurricanes, with 14th Army in India and Burma, and with 8th Army in the Western Desert. Stories are endless – one will have to suffice. No 274 Squadron, involved in the desert, once launched 12 Hurricanes on patrol near Gazala in December, 1941. They encountered an enemy formation of 20 Bf 109E's and Fiat G50's. In the ensuing combat three Messerschmidts were shot down for the loss of one Hurricane which received a burst in the glycol coolant tank, and was set on fire. The pilot, Lt Hoffe of the South African Air Force, baled out, and a fellow pilot Flt Lt Tracey, seeing him drop into no-man's-land, landed nearby, picked him up, and brought him home safely, seated in his lap.

Reference has already been made to carrier-borne Sea Hurricanes with the Royal Navy



Above: Hurricane XIII 5642 of the RCAF equipped with 'ski-boots' for snow-covered runways. Below: Last of the Hurricanes, PZ 865, flown in Princess Margaret's blue and gold livery.

but one of the most bizarre Hurricane roles was with the Merchant Marine when they were catapault-launched from specially equipped CAM-Ships (catapault aircraft merchantmen) to give fighter cover for North Atlantic convoys. This work was extremely hazardous, and always undertaken by volunteers – initially from the Fleet Air Arm where pilots had more catapault experience – but eventually by RAF personnel as well. The rationale was that two or more vessels in a convoy should be CAM-Ships, and when the long range Focke-Wulf Condors, who were eyes for the U-Boat packs, appeared, the Hurricanes were catapaulted off to shoot them down. Once in the air, and having engaged his target however, the pilot's choice was unenviable. He could try and make a landfall *somewhere* if he had enough fuel, and his navigation was up to it. Otherwise it was ditching in the Atlantic near the convoy, and hoping to be picked up. Many aircraft were lost on these operations – and too many pilots.

One cannot help wishing to finish up a piece on the Hurricane with a good story. Did you realise that Italian fighters and bombers took part in the Battle of Britain? This is from Graham Leggett a young pilot with 46 Squadron:

'To go into battle is the most overwhelmingly exciting event any 19-year-old can experience. To do so at the controls of a Hurricane has left indelible images upon the mind's eye of those who had that unique privilege . . . Early in November, 1940 we learned that Italian aircraft were operating in south-east England . . . In Hurricane V7604 I was in a formation of 12 patrolling a convoy off Harwich, below cloud. Soon we were vectored on to 40 plus bandits at 12,000 feet. Then, through a break in the cloud, we beheld a lovely sight! A dozen plump twin-engined bombers some 5,000 feet above. Already Hurricanes of 257 Squadron were tearing into them . . . One bomber dived away, and I recognised it as a Fiat BR 20 – the *Regia Aeuronitica* had come to finish off Britain! I turned in on a quarter attack, and even as I pressed the gun button a door flew open, and the crew started diving out. The remaining Italians pressed on towards Orfordness . . . I singled out a BR 20 on the extreme left for close attention. My first attack was good, and he let his bombs go in the sea. Closing in again I fired a long steady burst – and ran out of ammunition! My quarry was now diving inland, and there was nothing else to do but escort him down. Over my shoulder I observed . . . what looked like a cloud of midges darting all over the sky. This turned out to be the fighter escort, some 40 Fiat CR 42 biplanes, which had mislaid the bombers somewhere over the North Sea. Some of the Hurricanes had ammunition to knock down a few, and one hapless CR 42 pilot lost his head to a Hurricane's airscrew. After a few minutes my BR 20 nosed towards a large field, and came to a standstill in a fir plantation.'

By the later years of the war Hurricane derivatives like the Typhoon, and the Tempest were in front line service, and taking over, but that Force 12 fighter of the early years will always be remembered with affection by the pilots who flew it. The final Hurricane, PZ 865, the last of the many, was bought off contract by the parent company, and given the civil registration, G – AMAU. It was painted royal blue and gold, the racing colours of HRH Princess Margaret, and was taking part in air races until 1960. Fitting twilight years for a great aeroplane.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN

Wham! Brogden smote a cow, firmly up the backside. . .

All car-owners have their pet motoring stories: whether it be the gear stick which breaks off in your hand, or the luxury wedding car which refuses to get anyone to the church on time . . .

Cars that drove us round the bend

Nostalgia by Brian O'Hanlon

Cars, like horses, have minds of their own. Never mind the mockers: the 'it's-only-a-lump-of-metal' brigade. As someone who has driven for 26 years, and owned everything, from a Rolls Royce to a 1.3 Cortina, I feel qualified to dwell upon the subject at some length.

About 20 years ago I was being driven from pub to pub in deepest East Sussex by my idiot half-brother, Vivian St Claire Brogden. 'Got to get a move on,' he grunted, grinding the gears of his ancient Jowett. 'Supper's at seven, and we will be in very bad odour if we are late. It really does not do to arrive pixilated. And late.'

I slid deep in the front passenger seat, thanking my lucky stars that four pints of Stan's bitter, from our first pit stop at Benenden, had anaesthetized me sufficiently to not really care, as Brogden, still muttering about not being late, swerved around corners, haring up and down country lanes, at great speed. One more mile to Wittersham. Oh! blessed relief! One more corner and . . . *wham*! We, that is Brogden, that is the Jowett, had smote a cow dawdling in the middle of the lane, firmly up the backside. We stopped, stupefied, as the cow gave one long complaining 'moo', and jumped over the hedge, scuttling into the night as fast as its waddling legs could carry it.

'I think,' said Brogden, 'we ought really to quietly forget about what has just happened.'

'Did you have a good drive down from London?' asked Mama, when we arrived.

'Er, how about a large Taylor's, OH?' asked Brogden, shaking the decanter in my direction, with a pleading look.

We all know that we are not supposed to drink and drive. Most of us will realise that we do not live in a whited sepulchre. My old Silver Wraith became something of a club char-a-banc, and in the early sixties could find its own way from *The Bunch of Grapes* outside Brompton Oratory to the London Irish Rugby Club's ground at Sunbury, full up with the other 14 members of the 'C' XV – who were very full up, themselves, indeed.

It was decided – *I* put my foot down – that I was not going to drive all over Middlesex, Surrey and West London, taking various

colleagues home, after a somewhat tiring evening in *Fritz's* bar at the ground. Further, that if my salubrious vehicle was to be used as club transport a chauffeur would have to be organised, and paid, by those wishing to be Rollsed home.

The agency sent a man round to see me at my flat.

'These are very good credentials,' I mused, reading the laudatory testimonials.

'They should be, sor. I wrote them myself.'

'Oh!' I said. 'Ah! Are you Irish? What I mean is, um *do you drink*?'

'Water and milk, sor. A steady head means a steady pair of hands on the wheel.'

Something seemed not quite right but, against my better judgement, I hired him.

We purred down to Sunbury. Mr McFee executed some very smooth gear changing, and drove the Rolls as if he had his Great Aunt sitting in the back, with a basket of eggs on her lap. After the game, after the bar, he was at the wheel, hands at ten to two, sitting straight backed, looking dead ahead.

'Ah, Mr McFee,' I said, 'I think we'll be off now.'

There was no reply.

I tapped the driver's window: 'Er, OK? Right? Shall we, er, GO?'

Mr McFee didn't move a muscle, didn't twitch a fibre. He simply sat there, hands on the wheel, staring straight ahead.

Irritated – there were titters all around – I yanked open the chauffeur's door – and Mr McFee fell out, dead drunk, stinking of Guinness.

When, well over the odds, I had taken everyone else home myself, I managed to awaken McFee, and asked him where he lived.

'Limerick, sor.'

I took him to Euston. In the circumstances it was the least I could do . . .

Mayfair Editor Ken Bound's first car was a 1936 Morris tourer, BOD 266. He paid £100 for it in 1955. It had a hood that came down instead of the normal roof. Let him take up the tale.

'The very first journey I did in it after I got it was on a lovely June afternoon. I was going to take out a girlfriend, and a friend of mine and his girlfriend were in the back. That was in the days before the M2 was built, and we decided to go to Canterbury on the old A2, diverting through Sittingbourne. It was ten past five on a crowded Saturday afternoon in the main street. I changed gear, and *stopped*! My friend in the back said, "Why have you stopped?"

'I replied, "It's the gear box."

' "What's the matter with it?"

' "The gear doesn't seem to go in."

' "Oh! don't be *silly*" he said.

' "Well, you try," I replied, and handed him the gear lever, in the back seat . . .

'I could see a garage about 400 yards up on the right-hand side, and went to explain my predicament. The mechanic was an obliging bloke but said, "I can't weld the lever down *that* far. I don't think there's anything I can do."

'My heart sank. I lived north of the river; the train service was very poor; how to get four people back?

' "You go back to the car," the mechanic said. "I will get out the tow-in truck, and drive you in." He inspected the car again, shaking his head – he then turned to me, and said, "I have just had a wonderful idea. I have the same model car in here at the moment, for a service, over the weekend. We were looking in its glove compartment when we saw he was a RAF military policeman, and he had a list of squaddies whose names he had taken for being incorrectly dressed on Waterloo station this morning. I was in the RAF. I am going to put the rotten sod's gear lever on *your* car, and tell him his broke off when we were servicing *his* car . . .". And, he only charged me a pound!

'The time was only just after half past five when we were all on the road again.'

Another motoring anecdote of his concerns the day he was motoring in the West Country, driving a car whose king-pins had suddenly become loose, making steering very difficult. 'You needed to take a full turn on the wheel to get her round the corners', he remembers. 'Anyhow, we came down this hill – a narrow one – far too fast, to be confronted by a single-decker bus at the bottom, slightly over our side of the road. We really needed half of *his* side, as it was. In desperation I clawed at the wheel, and – heaven knows how – managed to miss the bus. My friend, who had sat saying nothing, full of the stiff upper lip, turned to me and said, laconically: "Two three'pennies, please . . .".'

But I've had my share of troubles too. Coming back into London from Kent one Sunday evening I pulled up in my old Rolls for some petrol on the main A21, still deep in the country. As the garage man was filling the tank a helmeted figure on a Vespa motor scooter pulled in behind.

'Bastards!' he said, taking off his yellow-spattered crash hat. '*Absolute, fucking, bastards*!'

'Er, good evening,' I replied, wondering what the hell was going on.

'I'll tell you this, mate. If I get my hands on him I'll . . . Its 'im or me, to the deff!' He got off his scooter, and began cleaning the mass of human rejection off his leathers, muttering away angrily. I paid my bill, and was about to get into my car again, when the motor scooter man came up, once more. 'A joke's a joke, but *fuck* a pantomime!'

'Er, well yes . . . er,' I waffled, not having the slightest idea what he was on about.

'Wozzer car like yores it was. Geezer overtakes me, and then some comic winds down the back window, and pukes his load all over me. Me scooter swerves, and both of us is almost arse over bollocks in the 'edge . . .'

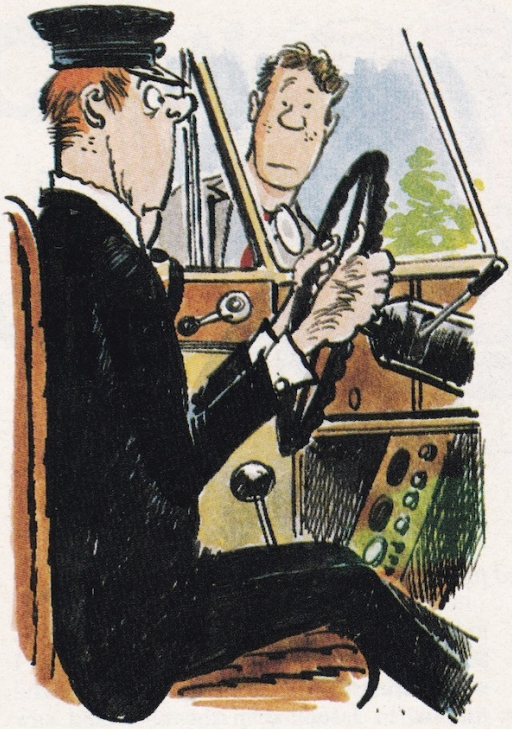
As we got into the Old Kent Road, Marshall, beside me, woke up, and I told him the tale.

'Wasn't you,' I said, 'because I would have noticed. Wasn't me, because it was the passengers' side . . .'

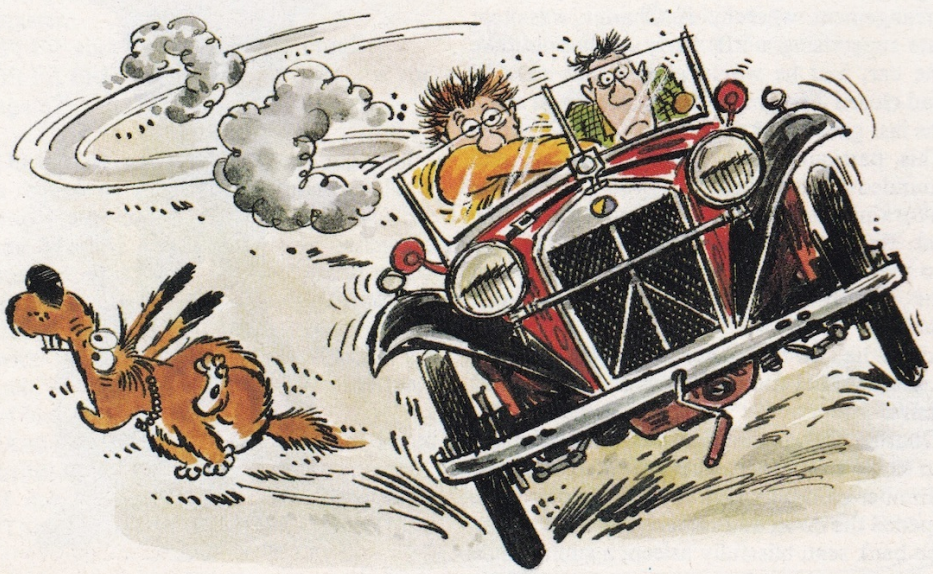
'Oh, Christ!' said a voice from the floor under the rear seat. 'Are we home yet. I still feel awful . . .'

We turned to see Cocky McArthur, still looking distinctly green about the gills – and my heart sank in dismay as I saw an ominous looking trail outside the near-side window.

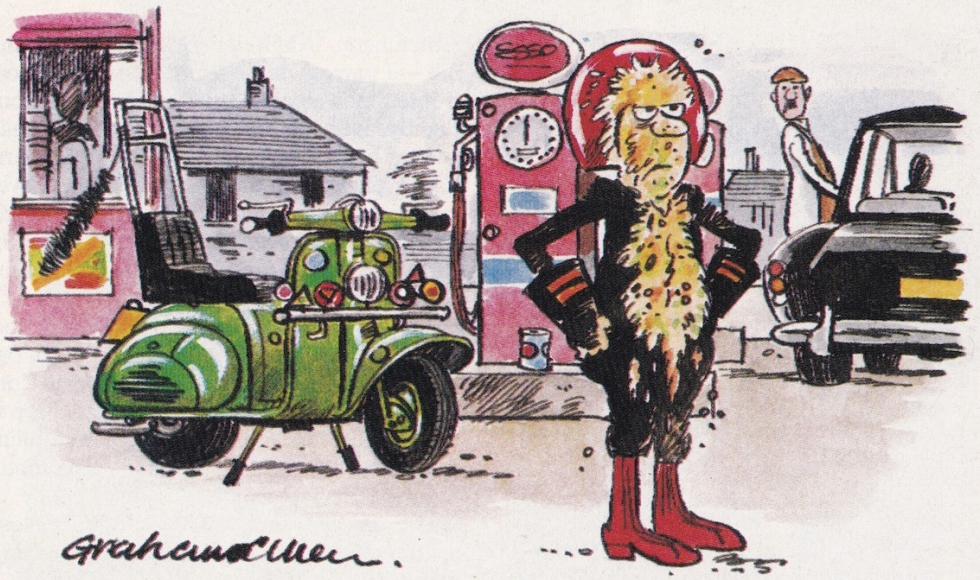
'It's you or *'im*. To the *deff* . . .' I explained



. . . he sat there, hands on wheel . . .



. . . the king pins were remarkably loose. . .



. . . the sick-covered figure on a Vespa. . .

to the hapless Cocky, handing him pail and sponge outside my flat.

Talking of 'in at the death' reminds me of another Ken Bound anecdote. He has prospered considerably since his days of the 1936 Morris tourer, and his current transport is an extremely eye-catching 150mph Maserati Merak. He drove to the office one day, and when we got out noticed that one of the tyres looked a little flat. He gave the tyre a hefty prod with his shoe to test its softness, whereupon a Cockney *Evening Standard* delivery man driver put his head out of his window and called, 'Ere Guvnor, if you are kicking it to death, I don't mind giving it a home!'

As Ken commented, such a spontaneous riposte almost deserved getting the car!

The Ferraris are old friends of mine in the restaurant business. Charles used to be maitre d' of *The Society*, in Jermyn Street, in the days of the 'Princess Margaret Set', when she was squired round town by Robin Douglas-Home and Billy Wallace. It had a Tzigane orchestra, candelabra on every table, and was extremely fashionable in the 1950s and early 60s. Charles had just taken delivery of a new Humber Hawk, and was understandably rather proud of his purchase. Doreen, his wife, worked at another nightspot, doing the books, and they had an arrangement whereby if Charles was kept late supervising a VIP party, she would take the car, and he would grab a taxi after he had closed *The Society's* elegant doors, when the last guests had departed.

This particular night Charles sighed, and sounded a trifle vexed.

'Working late. Doreen will have to drive the car. Pity. I was looking forward to having a go myself, for the first time. After all, *I* own the bloody thing!' he muttered to me, ruefully.

About half an hour later an agitated Doreen came rushing down the plushly carpeted stairs.

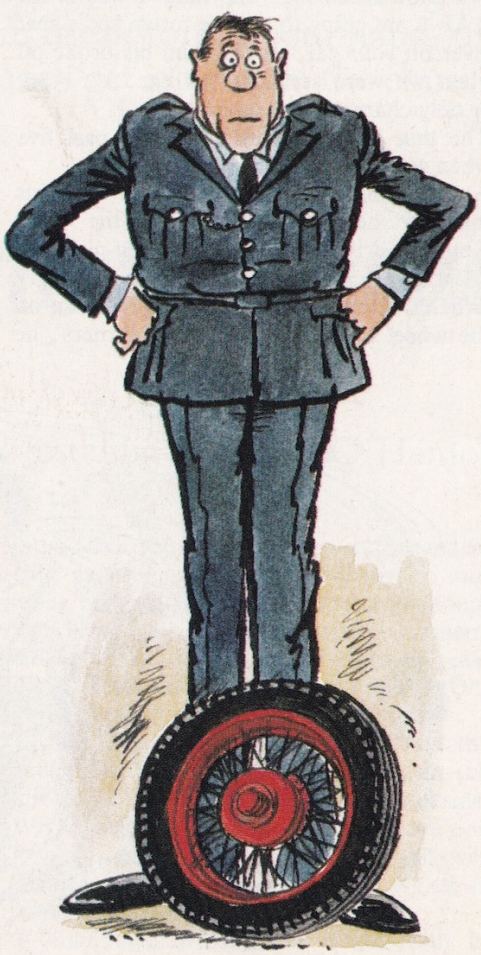
'Charles, OH, come quick!' We followed her up to the front door, where the gleaming new Humber stood. Doreen rushed in front of us, opened the door, and there, lying right across the back seat, blissfully asleep, a sunny smile on his face, was a tramp.

'I got home to bloody *Mitcham*!' hooted an indignant Doreen, then I heard snoring . . . SNORING . . . in our *new car*! I thought I was hearing things, and it gave me an awful turn when I looked in the back and saw *that*!'

'Did you wake him up? Did he say anything?' enquired her husband.

'Yes!' snapped his wife. 'He said, "Don't get your knickers in a twist, luv. Just take me to *The Ritz*, and bung the doorman!".'

I knew a dear old boy in my national service days called Jenkins, from Gloucestershire. Retired, 70-plus; the old school, but kindly with it. Every morning he would walk from Moreton-in-Marsh to Chipping Norton across fields which join Gloucestershire to Warwickshire, have his lunch in *The Plough*, imbibe a modest couple of halves, with maybe a small Scotch to finish, and take his time walking home again. In the evenings he did the same journey, but this time got out his car, and drove. It was a Ford V8, with the streamlined boot; a sports coupé, with an extremely powerful engine. But old Jenkins was a careful driver, and, aware that he'd always had a few too many took extra precautions along the long winding country road out of Norton to his Georgian house alongside the London Road at Moreton-in-Marsh.



. . . a very perplexed-looking officer. . .

One Friday night, when he tended to have a couple with the landlord of the hotel, after time as his 'guest', he arrived home just after midnight, had his customary glass of hot chocolate, and toddled off to bed. He was just drifting off to sleep when his bedside phone rang, and the voice of the village bobby said: 'Got your car 'ere, sir.'

'What? *Where*?'

'In the station. We found it abandoned on the Woodstock – Oxford road, and brought it in.'

'B-b-but that's bloody impossible. I have just driven home in it, and it's in my garage.'

Silence. Then: '*Your* car, is in *your* garage, sir. The same one as I've got 'ere . . .'

In the country they have a way with such situations.

'Sort it out in the morning, constable,' snorted old Jenks, as he put the receiver down, and went to sleep.

The next morning he unlocked his garage and had a look at the V8. Same colour, same model, but . . . a different registration number. Yet his key fitted perfectly. With more than a shade of embarrassment he drove to Chipping Norton police station where he saw his own car in the courtyard at the back.

'You see, sir', explained the inspector in charge. 'You took what you thought was your own car, because after you came, a man with a similar looking car came up, and parked by yours. The car he was driving – the one *you* have just brought in, sir, was stolen from Banbury yesterday lunchtime. This man, whoever he was, got into yours, thinking it was the one he had taken, and abandoned it when it ran out of gas on the Woodstock Road. Lucky it ran out of gas . . .'

'No *luck* in it at all, officer,' snorted old Jenks. 'I only put in one gallon every other day; enough for two round trips between *The Plough* and home . . .'

That reminds me of a motoring tale I heard in Kensington Police Station, just before last Christmas. A crestfallen motorist was explaining to the officer in charge that someone had stolen his engine the night before, when he had parked outside a friend's house down in the more esoteric depths of the Earl's Court Road.

'Yes, sir. Right, sir,' said the desk sergeant. 'Where was the engine at the time of the theft?'

'Where I left it.'

'And where would that be, sir?'

'Under the bloody bonnet!'

Brogden's Jowett of blessed memory

turn to page 104

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

The fly-half of the local rugger team returned home after the weekly training session to be greeted by his wife who was obviously dying to tell him something.
'What is it, darling?' he asked. 'Well, John, I know it's being nosy but you'll never guess. I was on the landing when our new au pair came out of the shower, and rushed across into the bedroom stark naked.'
'So?'
'Well, she must have the hairiest you-know-what It's like a rug.' Her husband suddenly became interested.
'Really, that's odd,' he said.
'I know. You must see it. Why don't you leave work early, and catch her? She always has a shower around half past five after she has finished the housework. You could hide behind that tarpaulin the builders have left whilst they finish the extention.'
This he did but unbeknown to him his wife had forgotten the plan, and given the au pair the afternoon off. She, herself, had also gone out shopping, when her husband arrived, and took up his hiding place with a clear view of the shower.
When the wife returned she decided she would have a shower before getting the tea ready. No sooner had she started soaping herself, applying shampoo to the parts that beer shampoos cannot reach when her husband burst in, still in his suit, trying to cover her up with anything he could.
'John, what has come over you? You've seen me in the shower before.'
'*I* have,' he replied. 'but the other members of the first XV haven't.'

Gentlemen, one of our readers recommends pouring your lady a Book-keepers cocktail. Two glasses, and she'll let you make an entry.

Sebastian, a rather precious young man, was on holiday in Brighton with his pet poodle 'Fi-Fi', and as it was a very hot day wandered into the nearest pub.
'Could I have a small glass of shandy please?' he enquired.
'I'm sorry sir,' replied the young barman, 'but dogs aren't allowed in here.'
'What do you mean?' said Sebastian.
'Well sir, there *is* a sign on the door saying no dogs allowed.'
'But my dog is special,' replied Sebastian, getting thirstier by the second.
'What do you mean he's special?' asked the barman.
'Well, I've trained him to give a gobble!' said Sebastian proudly.
'In that case,' said the barman, 'if you would like a drink, I would appreciate a demonstration first!'
'OK,' replied Sebastian, 'come round here and we'll show you.'
The young barman hurriedly did as directed.
'Right!' said Sebastian, 'take out your willy.'
The barman nervously looked around to check the coast was clear, and then cautiously took out his rapidly expanding member.
'Right Fi-Fi,' directed Sebastian, 'c'mon!'
The poodle sat and stared blankly at his master.
'Fi-Fi!' shouted Sebastian, 'c'mon!'
'Fi-Fi! Fi-Fi! Oh, have I got to show you again?'

During the war, a paunchy young man – a regular and frequent visitor to the local pub – was called up. He appeared before the Medical Board, and was forced to stand in all his fleshy nakedness to be examined by the officious army doctor. The doctor eyed his ample frame up and down with obvious distaste, then tapped the man's pendulous stomach with the back of his hand.
'And what's this?' the doctor asked irritably. 'Beer?'
'I don't know,' replied the young man. 'There's a tap below it, try a glass.'

What do you get if you cross a rooster with a packet of Treets?
A cock that melts in your mouth, not in your hand.

A British musician was travelling in a train to Eastern Europe, and was looking over some sheets of music. A KGB man sitting next to him was suspicious, thinking he was a spy, and the notation was a code. When questioned the musician laughed, and said, 'Why this is just one of the works of Mozart.' Immediately he was hauled off to jail. After a couple of days without food, he was taken to the interrogation room.
'Now,' snapped the interrogator, 'you had better talk. Mozart has already confessed.'

'Cor!' exclaimed the young boy to his mother after watching *Star Trek* on television. 'I wish I could be shot into space.'
'Well,' replied his mother, 'if your Dad had been five seconds quicker you might have been.'

A harlot in fair Enniskillen,
Will do you-know-what for a shilling –
A case, so to speak,
Of a spirit that's weak
And of flesh that is certainly willing.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Cars that drove us round the bend

continued from page 102

deserves another trip back from memory lane. In his bachelor days, Brogden courted a very pleasant, jolly hockey sticks, girl, who shared his love of tennis. Out came the Jowett, and up to Wimbledon it went. I heard the tale from the lips of the lady, herself, at a birthday party to which she came with Vivian at the old *Blue Angel* club in Mayfair, in the sixties.

'We had just left Wimbledon, and were on the road by the common going towards Southfields and the All-England club when I saw a wheel suddenly appear *in front* of the bonnet, gathering pace, as we started to go down a gradient.

'I thought maybe daddy's pink gins were playing tricks on my eyes at first. "Vivian," I said, "is that a wheel?"

' "I don't know," he said, "it's going far too fast, and it'll get into trouble doing *that* speed in a 30 mile an hour limit, I can tell you."

'I saw the body tilting, and a very queasy hand gripped my stomach.

' "Vivian," I said, "do you think, perchance, that might be *our* wheel. I mean, off *this* car? And if so, should we not do something like STOP?"

'Well, *we* did, but the wheel kept on, well, wheeling until it came at rest cannoning off a blue police telephone box. The door opened, and a very perplexed looking officer regarded the wheel, and Vivian, who was out of breath, explaining what had happened.

'"Are you one of these *funny gentlemen*, sir?" he asked him. "No, officer," Vivian gravely assured him. "But, at times, I do think I'm going *potty*." "Ah!" said the policeman, hooking his thumbs under his breast pockets. "When *they* come for you either make sure you're out, or don't answer the door . . ." '

In 1960 I lived in a block of flats, with a friend who worked on the old *Daily Sketch*, behind Chalk Farm underground station. Tom had a Nash Metropolitan which he kept in such an immaculately filthy condition that most of his girlfriends refused to even get in it.

As I passed the Nash, badly parked on the road outside, one morning I notice some wit had written 'For Sale – £80 ono', putting Tom's phone number and extension at the *Sketch* underneath.

To be honest, the Nash was not worth more than £200 top. And that was being generous.

As I walked on to the editorial floor I noticed a very aggressive Tom backing up a black gentleman to the wall. Tom, an East Ender, had a choice way with adjectives, if not perhaps with words in general. 'You! You ***. You bleedin' pitch up here, and try to weigh me off for 80 nicker? Get out of here before I forget I'm a *** gentleman!'

Tom, of course, was never that good at impersonations.

I passed his desk later that day. He turned to me, and said: 'Someone's nicked my motor, and the law have found it smashed up on the MI in a village lane behind Newport Pagnall. It's a write-off. Someone did themselves an injury, because there's blood all over the windscreen and the seat . . . And do you know what those tight-fisted bastards, the insurance company, have offered me for a total write-off?'

'No?'

'Seventy-five quid!'

Let me end with a tale against myself and my old 'Wraith'. One of its most pleasant functions was when I volunteered its services as the bridal car to drive friends to their weddings. Bob Gibbons, a friend from *Blue Angel* days was to be married in Westminster Cathedral. I duly drove his beautiful bride to the church, went in for the service, and came out before the wedding party, in order to do my chauffeur's act.

There were masses of photographers; and everyone posed beside the gleaming black Rolls. I opened the rear door, stood back, and Anne stepped in, in all her bridal finery, followed by an immaculately morning-suited Robert. I closed the door, whipped round to my own driver's side, got in, pressed the button starter – and nothing. I froze. People looked. They didn't believe what they were seeing. A Rolls refusing to start? But although it fired – coughed, in a very gentlemanly manner – it would not start. People laughed, and I was shaking with embarrassment and fury. Bob and Anne were extremely understanding, seeing my obvious discomfiture, and a friend took them off to the wedding breakfast in his Mercedes.

Alone with the car, the crowds and photographers departed, I got in, switched on, pressed the button. It started first time, as usual.

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M197

Once aboard the lugger

continued from page 20

thing away from his body in order to get it down over that delightful bulge. I had nearly managed it when he picked me up and cradled me in one massive arm, deftly taking off my knickers with his free hand. He then put me down, and knelt, pressing his lips to my pussy, his tongue exploring, probing, licking, while his hands ran up and down the backs of my thighs, pressing me ever closer to that magical mouth of his. I could feel my excitement mounting, and was aware that I was in the hands of a real artist when he reached upwards and lifted me gently under the arms, pressed back his head, and lowered me so that his face was completely covered. Looking down, all I could see were a few of my pubic hairs glistening in that golden light.

'You lovely, lovely man,' I managed to whisper, my hands reaching down to caress the back of his head, and press him ever closer if that were possible. My senses were reeling. His darling mouth and my pussy were now as one as I pressed down onto his face, that snake-like tongue of his still darting into me, and I longed for that exquisite satisfaction that only comes to a girl when her ideal man is sliding into her. I almost screamed with the pure sensual joy of it all, but bit my lip and gave myself up to the ravishing ways of this very special man, quivering with anticipation at the thought of what would follow this thrilling foreplay.

Very slowly, with his hands once more reaching for my armpits, he raised me. I don't know how long that tongue of his had been thrilling my pussy as time had long since ceased to mean anything as far as I was concerned, but I do know that I was more than ready for him, and was grabbing at him almost before the poor man could raise himself from the kneeling position.

My hands reached inside his already open fly, not quite believing what I found there, yet delirious at the thought that I had not made a mistake. Now there are well-hung guys and well-hung guys, but this fellow was surely a super-stud right out of the very top echelon, as I had to struggle to get the thing out to where I could give it my undivided attention. It really was a tool among tools, and was one of those works of nature which, as Dewdrop Annie used to say, should have been modelled in ebony, and sent around to every convent in the country so that the poor dears could see what they were missing.

'You are well blessed, my son,' I said, looking down at the thing, and grinning like it was Christmas.

'And that pussy of yours would win prizes at Crufts,' said the dear man. But this was ridiculous. I didn't even know his name, and had not yet asked him whether we could romp the twelve hundred miles to Auckland. But that could wait as there was plenty of time, and we were just getting acquainted.

I applied two hands to my task, one of them undoing his trousers so that they fell slowly to the floor, the other grasping him, and sliding my hand gently down to where his balls nestled, massaging and caressing. I was thrilled that I had discovered this super being, and was closeted here on his boat playing naughties with him away from prying eyes.

It seemed the most natural thing when I found myself slowly going down to my knees, arms wrapped around those muscled thighs, and my hands everywhere, probing, kneading, trembling on their voyage of discovery. He really was just about the most perfect specimen a girl could hanker after, and I was never more certain of this than when he was at last level with my eyes, proud and lusty. And it was all mine. All mine.

My eager lips closed over him, and I began to suck, sliding my mouth up and down, and drawing in my cheeks so that it would exert an even more tantalising pressure on that delicately textured skin. I could feel his hands on my head, just as mine had been on his, and he pressed me ever closer, not that I minded one bit. I sucked all the more, fondling the rest of his prick with one hand, and stroking his balls with the other.

For several minutes I did this, loving every second, but then I felt the dear man quiver and gently pull back my head, removing that lovely thing from my mouth.

'Time we had that shower,' he whispered, grinning and lifting me slowly once more to my feet. He reached out, and turned several dials, and water began to cascade over us, warm and comforting. Then we were soaping each other all over. He turned the water off so that we stood there, covered in suds, and laughing together like kids newly out of school.

After that, of course, there was only one way in which this truly enchanting episode could end, and we took it. He lay on his back, that exquisite cock of his proud under its layer of soap as it waited for my pussy to gather it in and give it tender loving care. I gently lowered myself onto it, legs splayed wide, the whole of me aquiver with excitement as he slid into me, taking away my breath.

For several long seconds I remained still, savouring the moment, and then I began to rock, ever so slightly at first but gradually increasing the tempo until I could feel the whole of that luscious shaft inside me, filling me with wonder and delight. I reached down, and caressed the dear man's face. He pulled me down, biting at my neck, and thrusting his loins upwards as he did so, filling me with such delicious sensations that I gave a little scream of joy and pleasure.

And so it went on until the small hours, the nearest I've ever been to heaven here on earth, making wild ecstatic love, between pots of coffee which he produced from the galley stove. We were barely able to keep our hands off each other for more than a moment. We pledged our eternal love, and Harry – yes, his name was Harry, I learned that much – would take me to Auckland just as soon as he had replenished the galley stores, and checked the gear. And yes, we would travel more or less horizontally all the way. On the deck, I nibbled at his ear as the dawn came up somewhere beyond the distant Heads, but tore myself away, and scampered off along the pontoon to get a night cab up to Kings Cross to collect my duds, and square things with my landlady. I could barely contain myself, for I would be back in New Zealand in a little over two weeks, and showing Harry off to a rightly envious Dewdrop Annie and the rest of the girls.

It was mid-morning when I got back to Rushcutters Bay, lugging my case, and I set off once more along the pontoon to where I could make out the unmistakable shape of Harry's ketch. I reached the boat, watched as usual by inquisitive eyes, and hammered on the cockpit side, yelling for Harry as I did so. A complete stranger surfaced from the cabin, another beer-gut with a florid complexion and leery eyes.

'Where's Harry,' I asked.

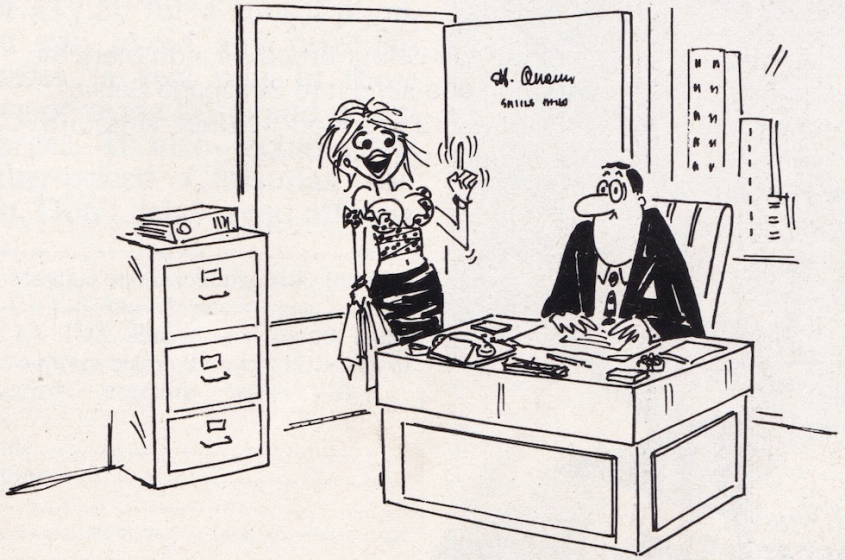
The beer gut looked at me intently, and then began to laugh.

'So he's the misbegotten sod who used my shower, and drank my coffee, is he?' he said, between chuckles.

'But he owns this boat,' I said. 'We're going to sail her to New Zealand, and plan to set off today.'

The beer gut began to laugh again.

'That Pommy bastard will come unstuck one of these days,' he said, wiping his eyes. 'We really should get rid of him, but he's one of the club's best odd-job men. And I've got to hand it to him, he's sure got a way with the pretty girls.'



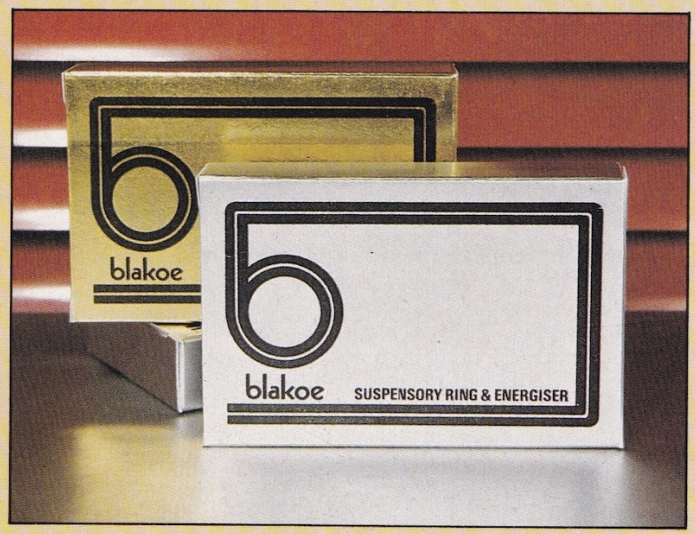
'Naughty boy! You never told me your wife is AC/DC!'

Kim

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ED ALEXANDER

Asking 21-year-old Kim Charoensuk where she comes from always prompts a musical reply. 'I am Siamese, if you please,' she sings with a trickling laugh in her voice to the well-known Disney tune, adding, 'of course, it's called Thailand now, but that doesn't sound quite as romantic somehow.' Kim was actually born in this country, and currently lives in the Dulwich area of south east London, her 34-23-34 figure enchanting SE23.

When Kim isn't gracing our pages, she works behind the counter of an estate agents meeting potential house purchasers and supplying them with information. It's a job which suits her outgoing personality, and she openly admits that she is rather a flirt with her more handsome customers. 'Not everyone from east of Yarmouth is inscrutable,' she said with a smile. 'And with a name like Charoensuk, you soon find yourself on first name terms with people.' In fact, she tells us that surnames are hardly ever used in Thailand. 'We're very friendly,' she claimed, 'and good-looking, yes?'



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LETTERS

continued from page 8

reading this, and wondered whether he'd recognise his own naughty activities. There is one act I would dearly love to share with your readers, and that is our first intercourse out of doors, in the darkness.

We'd been out all night partying with friends when my boyfriend came out with the idea of trying sex in the undergrowth. I loved the idea, as we'd tried various other ways such as in the bath and public swimming pools, in the car, on an airbed (which was rough going), and even, since we work together, on the table in the canteen. I've also tried lots of different positions, and am no stranger to oral sex, so why not on the grass in the cold of the night? I'm sure many others have tried.

As we pulled up at the roadside, I took off my coat, and we hurriedly raced onto the green, not far from my house. He hastily pulled me down, and began unbuttoning my blouse, whilst I played with his flies. His excitement grew, as did his rod when my breasts were exposed from beneath my see-through bra which he quickly removed. My hand began to slip under his pants, through his open fly, and I rubbed him eagerly.

He bent over me, and took my breasts in his hands, and licked at my nipples, making them huge with excitement. Then he backed away, stood, and I watched him throw off his clothes, scattering them across the ground before me. He then fell onto his knees, and his roving hands disappeared up my skirt. He pulled at my panties, which slipped down easily, and his fingers played with the hairs and the lips of my pussy. That really made me squirm excitedly.

Soon we were both naked, and he threw himself upon me, his arms around my waist, then moving down to my buttocks he squeezed them lustfully. My knees rose either side of his body, and I hooked my heels around his calves, using my legs to pull him in tighter. His mouth encircled a nipple, and his tongue started teasing it as I moaned softly. They were sounds of pleasure, but I didn't want to make too much noise in case the town awoke. I reached down for him, wanting him inside me. I found his penis, and I grabbed it, pulling him towards me. I spread my legs, heels off the ground, wanting him to hammer into me. He plunged as deeply as he could, stretching himself to the limit. This time I failed to hold back my cries as we convulsed, our figures forming a strange entangled sculpture. We grew stiff and rigid in the last dying moments of orgasm, then we lay on the ground exhausted.

Luckily our noises were not enough to wake the sleeping town. After several moments lying together we gathered our clothes, and after saying goodnight and whispering our love for one another, we parted. I went back to my house, and lay awake for the remainder of the night reliving everything, every move, as we had sex exposed to the chill of the night with only our bodies for warmth. I hope we do it again soon, and I thank him from the heart of my pussy for that night.
(Name and address withheld)

I am currently going out with a girl whom I met through a lonely hearts column. It has proved to be extremely successful.

Jane (name changed) advertised in a well known magazine saying that she was 'slim, attractive and 25-years-old'. Not a lot to go on, but somehow I had a feeling about her, and wrote back saying that I was fat, 28 and not particularly attractive. Obviously this appealed to her sense of humour because I received a reply and a message to ring her if I was still interested in going for a drink with her. Naturally, after a period of time without a girlfriend at all, I jumped at the chance. So we agreed to meet in *The Volunteer* pub near Regents Park. Fortunately I'd sent a photo with my letter, so she knew what I looked like. However, at this stage her appearance was a mystery to me.

Nervously I eyed the girls in the pub, not wanting to stare too much, and quite definitely worried that one or two of them might turn out to be her. Then a very petite and gorgeous long-haired blonde tapped me on the shoulder. 'Hello, I'm Box C176,' she smiled, and I felt like a nervous teenager again. 'Oh hello,' I said and stammered a conversation.

Despite that unwieldy start, we got on remarkably well, and

turn to page 114

LETTERS

continued from page 114

had a great evening. I saw her back to the tube, and kissed her goodnight. A sharp tongue poking between my lips gave me a hint that everything had gone well.

I agreed to meet her again the next week, and I was really looking forward to it. When the day arrived, I was pleased to see that she had deliberately dressed more sexily – presumably just for me. She was wearing a pair of skintight black leather trousers, which disappeared under a loose top with no evidence of a bra underneath. On her slim body, the outfit looked terrific.

Again we met in the pub, but this time our conversation was punctuated by touches. Her hand would rest on my knee, and I couldn't resist sliding mine up the tight leather to her thigh. She obviously had no qualms about it, and was loving every minute. I was half way through telling her the story of my life, when I noticed a very enticing look in her eyes. My chat drifted away, and instead I leant towards her, and kissed her firmly on the lips. 'That's nice,' she said, and we went into a longer, and deeper kiss, our tongues pushing into each other's mouth, and roving around. Her hands were around my waist now, and sliding towards my flies. In turn mine were exploring inside the loose top and feeling for the smooth skin under her breasts. As we broke away from the kiss, I suggested we went back to my house, and I'm glad to say that she readily agreed.

Back at my two-up, two-down our behaviour was frantic. She pulled off her jacket, and I did the same, and soon we were on my sofa where hands could wander without the eyes of the pub watching. And wander they did. I was soon fondling her small breasts, as she undid my shirt, and started teasing the hairs on my chest. Our kissing became more intense, and was accompanied by little grunts as Jane started working towards my zip. She undid the waistband of my trousers, and slid down the zip where an eager occupant was dying to get out. Soon it flopped into my lap, where Jane's mouth seemed drawn to it like a magnet. We decided to lie on the sofa in a true 69 position, so that her pert bottom tightly clad in those leather trousers was practically in my face. Working blind, I undid them, then eased them down her legs. A pretty pink peach of a bum was revealed with a tight pair of knickers stretched across. My fingers slid into them at the back, grabbing her lovely cheeks, then I eased the panties down. My hands lifting her bottom, I positioned her so that her downy blonde pubes were right over my mouth.

All this time, Jane had been licking around the base and shaft of my penis, making lapping noises like a cat but as my tongue reached her pussy, Jane began to use her lips as well. My tool felt the soft inside of her mouth, just as my tongue tasted the sourness of the leather that had been rubbing against her. I pushed a little way inside her, which made her gasp a little and take the whole knob of my member right into her mouth. I had to be as bold, so my tongue pushed right inside her lovely moist vagina, and for a few glorious minutes (time is incalculable at times like this), my mind whirled with the different sensations. She was the first girl who'd ever taken me in her mouth completely, and it was wonderful. Suddenly I had a massive orgasm which seemed to last for ever, whilst I carried on licking her, until she too came to a shivering climax. Not at all bad for a second date!

So I would like to recommend such ads to readers. 'Blind date' it might have been but this one has led to a very happy relationship.

(Name and address withheld)

This month's Quest also looks at blind dates of a kind when we meet three people who met their sexual partners through chatting on the telephone.

At a whist party the other night I heard my best friend's wife come out with a great line. They had been losing all evening, and her husband disconsolately got up, and went to the toilet.

'This is the first time all night that I know what he's got in his hand,' she said.

CM, Aberdeen.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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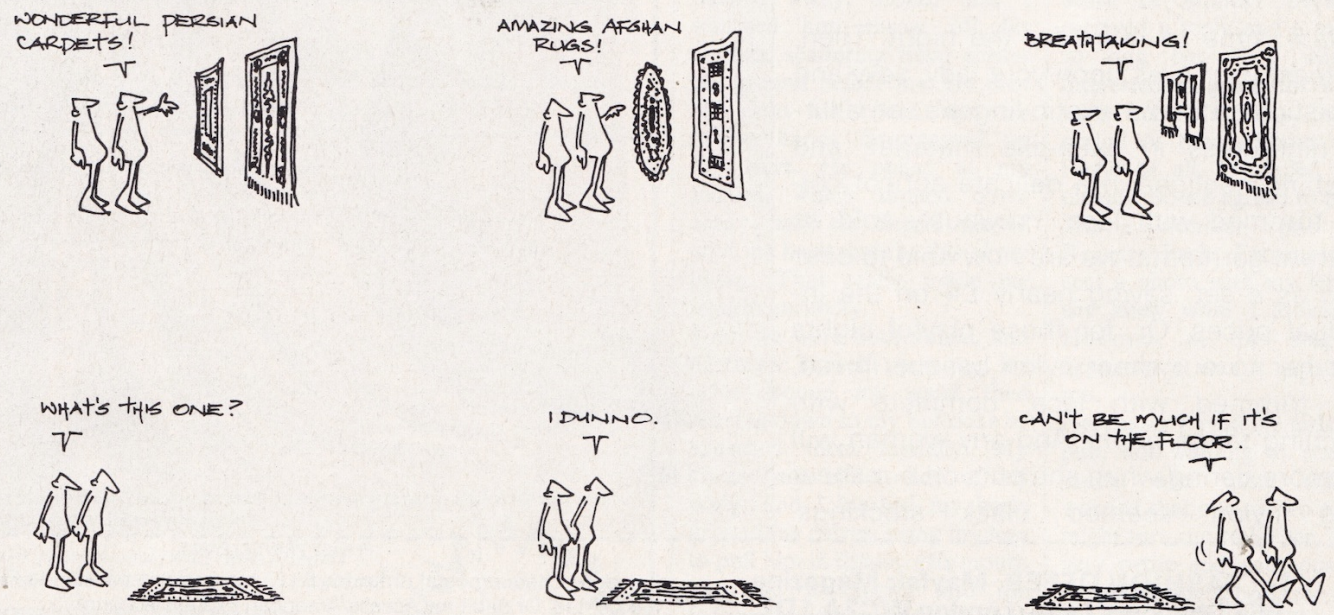

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN FOSTER

It seemed the perfect way to get home – on board Harry's ketch in a horizontal position. He was big, handsome, and happy to take me for the ride . . .

Once aboard the Lugger

Fiction by Cathy Morris

I walked along the pontoon at Rushcutters Bay in Sydney, and you would swear that all the horny bastards in Aussie had gathered there just to see me sidle along among the yachts. Not that I minded one bit, for as my old friend Dewdrop Annie used to say, back in Auckland, 'If you've got it, kid, flaunt it,' and I always carried out Annie's advice. She was the one who first instructed me in the finer points of the male/female relationship when I was still a wide-eyed innocent, and she always said I was one of her best pupils. Anyway, here I was ambling along that pontoon as though I hadn't a care in the world, and heads were popping up from hatches all over the place to watch my progress among that rich array of masts, hulls, and beautifully tanned torsos. If only Annie had seen me at that moment she would have been proud of her protégé, for I wavered not, neither did I show the slightest interest in all the whistling going on around me. There would be time to take a little notice when I had reached the end of the pontoon, and turned around, but for the moment I was just exhibiting the wares.

Now, I expect you are wondering what a nice girl like me was doing walking along that pontoon in Rushcutters Bay, flaunting everything. Rather like a fly walking into a spider's web, you could be excused for thinking, but on this occasion the fly was a willing little thing, and was doing her level best to gain a bit of attention from those salt-caked lechers in order to bring about a change in

Fifty years ago, Hawker introduced its first fighting monoplane. It was called the Hurricane, and equipped with guns, bombs and even adapted for use at sea, it was to become the RAF's most dogged fighter, turning the tide of World War Two

THE HURRICANE: IT TOOK THE NAZIS BY STORM

By Gerald Rawling

His name was James Brindley Nicholson, a Flight Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force. Although he had joined the RAF in December, 1936, he flew his first operational sortie on August 16, 1940 at 15,000 feet over the Southampton area. He had never fired a shot in anger, and was anxious to do so, so when he spotted three Junkers 88's, he chased them with his section. In fact, before they caught up, all three Ju 88's were shot down by a squadron of Spitfires who had intercepted. 'No pickings for us,' thought Nicholson, and then heard four big bangs which he afterwards described as 'the loudest noises I had ever heard.' They were four cannon shells from a Messerschmidt Bf 110 which had briefly got on his tail. The first shattered the cockpit hood, sending splinters into his left eye which nearly severed his eyelid, and temporarily blinded him with blood. The second homed in on the spare petrol tank just in front of him, and set it ablaze. The third entered the cockpit, and tore off his right trouser leg, while the fourth hit the back of his left shoe, and made 'quite a mess' of his left foot.

With his machine now on fire, he took violent evasive action, and began to think about evacuating. And then he suddenly found another Bf 110 just beneath him, and

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
SOPHIE JAMES

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Saucy Sophie, page 51. *Classic Knives, page 62.*

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
The Hurricane:	The plane that took the Luftwaffe by storm	*Gerald Rawling*	44
A Cut Above The Rest:	Knives for collectors	*Martin Burr*	62
Cars That Drove Us Potty:	Favoured anecdotes from my motoring past	*Brian O'Hanlon*	100
GIRLS			
Paula:	Threadbare Nottingham lass	*Michael Ancher*	10
Marie and Elaine:	Sisters alfresco	*Allan Sass*	21
Lynn Taylor:	A girl you've asked to see	*Mario Marnoto*	35
Sophie:	The photographer exposed	*Michael Moore*	51
Tracey:	Maid in Coventry	*Jeff Kaine*	72
Louise:	Reprise for a tantalising teenager	*John Allum*	92
Kim:	Our Siamese Kitten	*Ed Alexander*	108
HUMOUR			
Small Is Beautiful:	Comforting cartoons for the short in stature	*Roy Nixon*	27
Four-lettered Friend:	The word we all swear by	*Mike Mills*	79
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		103
INFORMERS			
Quest:	The telephone as a catalyst for sex		83
FICTION			
Once Aboard The Lugger:	She was his berth day treat	*Cathy Morris*	18
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Lingerie** page 113		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 8/ **Book Society** page 30/ **Photo Service** page 31/ **Back Numbers** page 34/ **Film Club** page 88/ **Binders** page 89 / **Subscription details** pages 89 and 104		
CRITICS	**Discs, Drinks, Travel**		31

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